

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

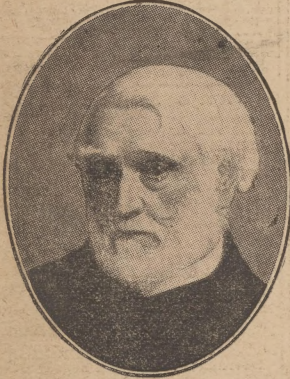
No. 535.

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as a Newspaper.

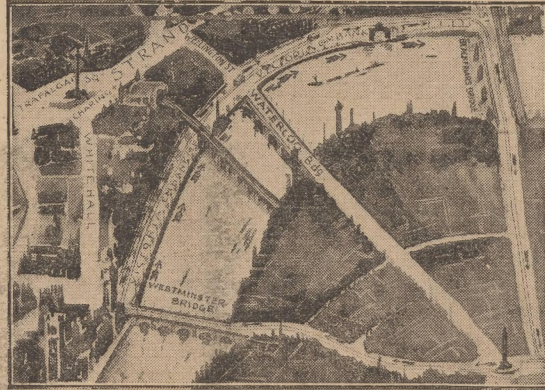
THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

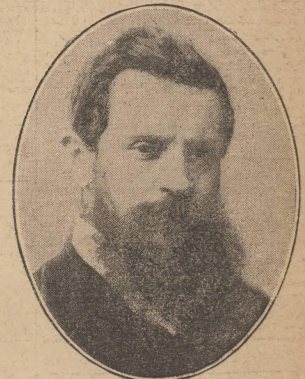
LORDS DEFEAT LONDON IN THE BATTLE OF THE BRIDGES.



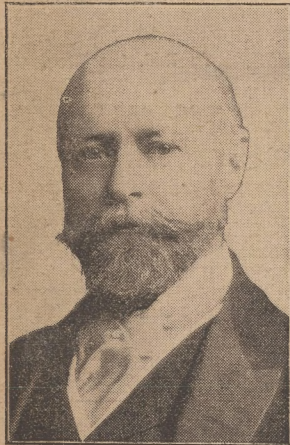
The Duke of Rutland, a famous Tory of the old school, said he had always opposed the new tramways scheme and always should.—(Elliott and Fry.)



Plan showing by arrows the routes of the L.C.C. South London tramcars which by resolution of the House of Commons were to be allowed over Westminster and Blackfriars Bridges to the great convenience of the public. This scheme has been vetoed by the Lords.



The Duke of Norfolk, who owns extensive property adjacent to the Embankment, voted in favour of the Bill. (Elliott and Fry.)



The Earl of Onslow, Chairman of Committees in the Upper House, moved the second reading of the Tramways Bill.—(Lafayette.)



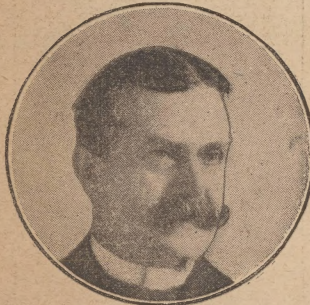
The Earl of Halsbury, Lord Chancellor of England, was an uncompromising opponent of the Bill.—(Whitlock and Sons.)



The Earl of Mayo thought that for the tramcars to run upon the Embankment would destroy one of the few beauties of London.



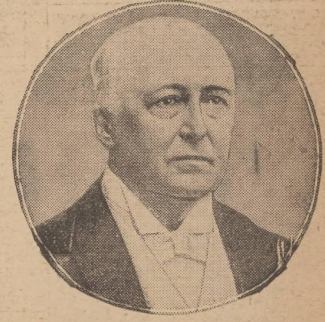
Viscount Ridley, son of one of the most unprogressive of Home Secretaries, who led the opposition against the Tramways Bill.—(Lafayette.)



Earl Carrington, himself a distinguished London County Councilman, made a strong appeal in support of tramways.—(Elliott and Fry.)



One of the latest L.C.C. electric tramcars, which the majority of the Peers consider would be an eye-sore and offence on the Thames Embankment.



The ex-Speaker of the House of Commons, registered his first vote in the Lords, as Viscount Selby, in favour of the tramways.—(Russell.)

NEW YORK LIKE AN OVEN.

America Gasps in the Blaze
of a Merciless Sun.

100 DEATHS A DAY.

Sleepless Crowds Travel All Night
in Search of a Breeze.

The spell of hot weather which has lasted for a fortnight in America reached its climax on Tuesday, when the thermometer recorded 100deg. in many parts of New York.

So terrible was the heat that a Central News correspondent estimates the deaths due to this cause at over 100 for that day alone.

Mercifully the humidity is not great, says Reuter. Suffering is intensest in the poorest districts.

Thousands of people went down by tramcar yesterday to the adjacent beaches, only to encounter a scorching land breeze before which men, women, and children were prostrated.

The authorities last night threw open the parks, and thousands slept on the cool grass of the spacious lawns, while tens of thousands of others in all walks of life endeavored to snatch the needed repose on house-tops and in porches; for even with nightfall the breeze was only fitful, and then like a breath from an oven in temperature.

The preceding night had been equally breathless, and the scene of the devoted railway could be seen the curious spectacle of thousands of women, with their babies, seated on house-tops or fire-escapes, vainly seeking a breath of air.

People spent the whole night riding on the outside of tramcars, or lay upon the Coney Island benches.

New York resembles an oven, says Laffan, the bricks, stone, and asphalt railway could be seen the accumulated heat during the night until the sun again reheats. Fortunately the humidity is low, otherwise the death-roll would be heavier.

Many factories and offices closed at noon to avoid prostration.

DISCOVERING ENGLAND.

Continental Heat Wave Benefits British
Summer Resorts.

The heat wave has descended upon many of the Continental summer resorts, with a curious and pleasing result.

The English people are discovering the many beauties and attractions of their own watering-places and holiday nooks.

The tourist offices report that inquiries at the British sections are much more numerous this year than usual. Country houses, too, are being opened more than usually early, for many people who usually go abroad have elected to stay in their own homes.

At present Hamburg, Marienbad, Carlsbad, Wiesbaden, Dinard, and Trouville are almost deserted by their most popular and most paying patrons, the English, though very full of foreigners and Americans, to whom heat waves are no extraordinary or alarming occurrence.

MRS. C. HAWTREY.

Falls from a Hotel Balcony and Is Taken
Stunned to St. George's Hospital.

A sensational accident happened yesterday to Mrs. Charles Hawtreys, wife of the well-known actor, who has been staying at the Alexandra Hotel, Knightsbridge.

An eye-witness states that he was walking down Knightsbridge, looking into Hyde Park, when he heard a scream, and saw Mrs. Hawtreys on the portico of the hotel waving her arms.

With a loud scream she fell to the ground. She was removed to the St. George's Hospital in an unconscious state. She is suffering from fracture of the skull.

GIRL BURNED TO DEATH.

One girl—Bridget Flanagan—was burnt to death, and three girls were injured yesterday in a fire which destroyed the drapery establishment of Messrs. Aiden, Grenfell and Co., at Dublin.

EARTHQUAKE PRIVATIONS.

LAHORE, Wednesday.—The earthquake relief operations have been abruptly suspended by heavy monsoon rains. Numerous people are still without shelter, and numbers of the relieving officers have been stricken with fever. Fortunately the worst cases of distress have already been alleviated.—Exchange.

'THE PINK PRINCESS' VLADIVOSTOK DANGER

Blissful Life of German Crown
Prince and His Bride.

CHARMING EPISODES.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BERLIN, Wednesday.—The German Crown Prince and his bride are leading a blissful life at Potsdam.

During the recent battle of flowers the thousands of visitors who lined the pretty roads of the "Russian Colony" remarked on the happy appearance of the Crown Prince and Princess, who dashed up in a beautiful hunting-phaeton, drawn by five magnificent brown horses. The Crown Princess had tucked her large baskets filled with hundreds of bunches of roses and carnations, which she gracefully scattered among the eager crowds.

As usual, the Crown Princess wore a pink muslin dress and a rose-coloured toque. So invariably does she wear these colours that she has been christened the "Pink Princess," and pink has become the fashionable hue in feminine circles throughout Germany.

IMPERIOUS BRIDE.

The formerly modest Duchess Cecilie has not been slow to assume the magnificent ideas expected from a lady of her now exalted rank. The Marble Palace is much too small to be the residence of the Crown Princess! She was heard to remark recently to her husband, "Why do you not hurry on the work that is being done to Schloss Babelsburg? Those workmen are the slowest fellows in the world!"

Despite the fact that the Crown Princess finds the Marble Palace much too small, she has already given several most successful parties. Early in the month she invited all the officers of the First Foot Guards and their wives to a dinner-party, and she kept the company in a constant ripple of laughter by her amusing anecdotes, for Princess Cecilie has an irresistible fund of humour.

The Crown Prince and Princess frequently take carriage drives to the beautiful country around Potsdam. Sometimes they are seen out motoring, and it is said that the Crown Princess has a weakness for "exceeding the speed limit."

Last week, while out for a run, the Imperial sweethearts ran over a dog, and their "bag" also included three hens, a turkey, and a peasant lad. Fortunately the last-named was more scared than hurt, and the twenty-mark piece with which his slight injuries were salved made him declare that he wished he might be knocked down by the Crown Prince's motor-car seven times a week!

TRAVELLING CONSERVATORY.

When the Crown Prince and Princess wish to go further afield they order their private train, the most magnificent of the Kaiser's wedding gifts to his son. It is sumptuously upholstered, and attached to it is a beautiful little conservatory on wheels.

The Crown Princess herself has not suffered from the recent terrible heat wave, but she has shown her usual kindly thought and consideration for those less fortunate than herself.

The other day, when walking on the Terrace, she noticed a Guardsman, in the Crown Prince's own regiment, falter and fall to the ground, struck down by the heat. Instantly she ran out and ordered his comrades to carry him into the Palace, where she personally bathed his forehead with eau-de-Cologne.

Later she persuaded the Crown Prince to order the Palace sentries to doff their historical tin helmets for headgear more adapted for withstanding the sun's rays.

On Monday the Crown Prince and Princess journeyed to Ploen, to visit the former's younger brothers, Oscar and Joachim, who have a model farm on an island in the middle of the lake. The Princess Cecilie much admired all she saw, and rejoiced the hearts of her brothers-in-law by promising them a herd of prize Mecklenburg goats to keep company with the beautiful Harz cows which were presented to the boys a year or two ago by their mother, the Kaiserin.

"BEAUTIES" LEAVE PARIS.

Popular American Ladies Delighted with the
French Capital.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Wednesday.—The American "beauties" leave Paris to-day. They say they have had a "just too lovely time in Paris."

They have only one regret—they spent so much time in the shops that they hardly saw any of the sights.

On the whole Paris has created a deeper impression on them than they have created on Paris. They have hardly been mentioned in the Parisian papers.

Marozzo, the Hungarian champion, has won the first prize of £200 at the Ostend chess tournament, which finished yesterday. The first Englishman, Burn, finished seventh.

Russians Bewildered by the Unexpected
and Brilliant Japanese Tactics.

The complete envelopment of Vladivostok will soon be an accomplished fact, says the "Daily Telegraph" correspondent at Tokio.

The Japanese have landed to the north of the fortress, an unexpected move that has completely bewildered the Russians.

Meanwhile reports of complete naval disorganization in Russia are continually received.

At Kronstadt, according to the "Matin," the officers can no longer control the crews, and some of the vessels are threatened by the guns of the forts.

The crews of the Minine and Catherine II. are said to have openly refused to obey orders.

There has evidently been a renewal of disorders at Libau, says Reuter, as the local papers state that they are not allowed to mention "recent serious events."

The Tsar is about to journey to Moscow, where he will solemnly read to the Court the manifesto convoking the National Assembly.

This act may be regarded as a counterblast to the Zemstvo Congress, which met yesterday at the residence of Prince Dolgoroukoff, in spite of the embargo put upon the meeting.

MAD MUTINEER.

Leader of the Revolt on the Kniaz Potemkin
Ran Amok Among Officers.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Wednesday.—The mystery surrounding the origin of Matuschenko, the man responsible for the mutiny on the Kniaz Potemkin, remains unsolved, but on that terrible day this man seems to have gone completely mad.

Reports from Odessa state that having shot the second officer, who a moment before had been pleading the cause of the men, he rallied the terrified crew, and urged them to complete the work, himself shooting six officers, including the aged Captain Golikoff, who fell while crossing him.

The doctor, who had attempted suicide, was thrown overboard, and Matuschenko riddled the sinking boat with shots.

"Fool!" cried Sergeant-major Pegonetz, "you knew that the whole navy was to revolt on July 5. You have ruined the whole plot!"

The mutiny was a one-man affair, and that one man an individual whose origin is a complete mystery.

MINISTER AND VICEROY.

Lord Curzon Accused of Offensively Criticising
the Government.

Parliamentary interest is again running high on the subject of the strained relations between Mr. Brodrick and Lord Curzon.

Feeling was focussed by Sir Henry Fowler in the House of Commons yesterday, when he asked a question on a speech made by Lord Curzon on Tuesday "criticising severely," said Sir Henry, "if not offensively, the Indian military administration of the Government."

"I have telegraphed to Lord Curzon," said Mr. Brodrick, "for a telegraphic summary of the speech for the information of the Government, and until that report is received I cannot make any statement on the subject, but I hope to do so next week."

WINNING BOER HEARTS.

Lord Selborne's Sympathy on the "Hideous
Calamity" of the War.

PRETORIA, Wednesday.—Lord Selborne is winning the hearts of the Boer people through his sympathetic references to the hardships caused by the late war and by privately relieving cases of distress brought to his notice.

He has publicly referred to the war as "a hideous calamity," and has said that "the Government of the Orange Free State was respected and honoured throughout the civilised world."

Frequent conferences are taking place between Lord Selborne and the Boer leaders.—Laffan.

FLOGGING OF RAND CHINAMEN.

Mr. Stewart, late compound manager of the Croesus Mine, is reported to have said at the inquest on Mr. A. Bradley, in Johannesburg:—

"Where he had considered the Chinamen wrong he had in many cases flogged them. It was against the law to flog them, but he had done so."

Lord Curzon has given notice that he will ask whether His Majesty's Government propose to take any action on this statement.

SECRET OF THE CLOUDS.

Aerial Navigation Claims Yet
Another Human Victim.

LIST OF DISASTERS.

NEW YORK, Wednesday.—At San Jose, California, yesterday, a terrible accident occurred to the airship designed by Professor Montgomery.

One wing of the aeroplane broke when the machine was 3,000ft. above the ground.

The airship turned over, and the operator was hurled to the ground and terribly crushed.

A crowd of 2,000 people had collected to witness the trial. Among them was a priest, who made the sign of Absolution for the ill-fated victim while he was falling.—Central News.

TRAGEDY OF THE PIONEER.

Story of the Airship Summarised in a
Lamentable Death-Roll.

Disaster upon disaster mark man's attempts to navigate the air by means of steerable airships, as distinct from men-in-balloons.

Dr. Lillenthal, an American pioneer of flight by wings, was killed while putting his invention to the test. He and the wrecked hamper and his wings were found mingled in horrible confusion.

Dr. Wolfert's disastrous experiment on June 12, 1897, was the first of a long series of accidents to motor-driven balloons.

The airship went up from the Military Ballooning Department in Berlin. Dr. Wolfert and an assistant braving the perils of the voyage.

At the height of 2,500ft. it was apparent to the watchers below that the vessel was unmanageable. While they were gazing in the air a long tongue of flame shot upwards from the car of the airship.

The bodies of the aeronauts were smashed to pieces by the terrific fall, and the blazing spirit from the motor set fire to a timber-yard.

On November 4, 1897, the Schwartz aluminium balloon, in which Herr Jagels attempted to ascend, proved a complete failure. Fortunately it had only ascended a short distance, and Herr Jagels escaped with bruises.

The disaster that befel the attempt at air navigation on May 12, 1902, by M. Severo, at Paris, was rendered doubly pathetic because Mme. Severo witnessed her husband's awful fate.

M. Severo was a Brazilian deity, who spent much time and money on the problem of the air. He ascended in the steerable balloon Pax with M. Sachet, and at first all went well. But when the vessel had risen 2,000 feet there was a flash of flame, followed by a terrific explosion.

The two voyagers were dashed to pieces. In October, 1902, Baron de Bratsky, a clever Hungarian, and M. Morin, a French engineer, met their deaths near St. Denis.

The ascent was made from Paris, and seems to have been very successful until an attempt was made to descend.

The piano wires by which the car was suspended from the airship snapped, and while the balloon shot upwards its navigators were precipitated to the ground and instantly killed.

ASCENT FROM ALEXANDRA PALACE.

An ascent will be made in the Barton-Rawson airship from the Alexandra Palace, at four o'clock next Saturday afternoon. This ship, which is 180 feet long, and cost £10,000, is said to be absolutely safe. Six aeronauts will make the ascent, including Mr. Rawson and Dr. Barton, the inventors, and Dr. Barton's son.

BALLOON FATALITY AT VLADIVOSTOK.

The Vladivostok correspondent of the "Novoe Vremya," says Laffan, reports a fatal balloon accident, the victim being an army officer.

The balloon was carried out to sea, and Lieutenant Minhevitch, the aeronaut, pulled the wrong string, thus ripping open the balloon. He fell into the sea and was drowned.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

A permanent wireless telegraphic station has been established at Ferrol, in Spain.

A hurricane has almost entirely destroyed the harvest in the Caceres and Saragossa Provinces of Spain.

The International Regatta fixed for yesterday at San Sebastian, did not take place because competitors were lacking.

It is proposed that, owing to their dirty condition, the bank-notes now in circulation in Cape Colony should be withdrawn.

All factories in the Volga district have hitherto been fuelled with naphtha, but prices have advanced so high that manufacturers have decided to use coal in future.

THE LORDS AND THE TRAMCAR.

Their Action Arouses Intense Feeling
In London.

REPRESENTATIVE VIEWS.

The House of Lords has certainly made itself famous by rejecting the London County Council's Tramways-over-the-Bridges Bill. Not since the rejection of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill has so large a section of the country been roused by any action of our hereditary legislators.

As the "Manchester Courier" points out, the rejection of this measure, passed by the Commons, is likely to encourage militant Liberalism to renew the cry of mending or ending. The feeling of London Liberalism may be judged from the following opinions gathered yesterday:—

Mr. Crooks: This should bring home to the country what Constitutional Government means. Slavery, on the one hand, luxury on the other.

Mr. J. W. Benn: A fatuous proceeding.

Mr. Claude Hay: A blunder.

Mr. John Burns: I did not expect they would have so lightly brushed aside the convenience and comfort of so many millions of people in London.

Lord Ridley's Defence.

Viscount Ridley, who moved the rejection of the Bill in the House of Lords, was quite calm and unaffected by the storm raised by their lordships' veto. He stated his reasons to the *Daily Mirror* as follows:—

"The bringing of tramways across the bridges would make traffic more congested than ever on Blackfriars Bridge, and tend to congest it on Westminster Bridge. It would utterly spoil the beauty of the Embankment, and would result in a wholly unjustifiable outlay of money."

His lordship also thinks a decision would be premature before it is decided whether motor-omnibuses or tramcars are the best solution of the traffic problem. Besides, the project would not link up the northern and southern system; had it that effect his Lordship would have voted for the Bill.

All these objections were categorically disputed by Mr. Allen Baker, chairman of the Highways Committee of the County Council.

"The bringing of tramways across the bridges," he told the *Daily Mirror*, "is far from congesting the traffic, would tend to relieve it."

"The extension would mean an increased profit of from £20,000 to £30,000 per annum, which would relieve the ratepayer."

"The beauty of the Embankment would not be spoilt, as there would be no overhead wires."

Lobby Indignation.

The greatest indignation was expressed in the Lobby of the House of Commons yesterday, and many rumours were afloat as to the supporters of the Bill organising a demonstration of protest on a gigantic scale.

The promoters are determined to bring the Bill forward again next session, and every session until the measure becomes law.

It is interesting to note that among the peers who voted in favour of the Bill were the Duke of Norfolk, and others of very old creeds, while conspicuous among the "non-contents" were many of the Law Lords and new peers, like Lord Halsbury (the Lord Chancellor), Lord Alverstone, Lord James, Viscount Goschen, Lord Hindlip, and Lord Robertson. It looks as if new peers were less democratic than the descendants of the Crusaders.

EXPLOSION FROM A SPARK.

Killed by Gunpowder That Had Been Stored
for 100 Years.

Some peculiar incidents arising from the handling of explosives are brought to light by the report of the Inspectors of Explosives issued yesterday.

A farm labourer's box was being moved by railway porters at Edinburgh when it suddenly exploded. The box contained a flask of powder, a box of matches, and a hone, and it is probable that the explosion was due to the above undesirable combination.

A man was recently showing some friends over a room in the Bank of Ireland, Dublin, in which there were some old flint-lock guns. He snatched the lock of one of these, and a spark fell into an open box of gunpowder, which exploded, killing one person and injuring three others.

The gunpowder is said to have been on the premises about 100 years.

CROMWELL DEATH-MASK FOR £84.

One of the four death-masks of Oliver Cromwell was knocked down at Messrs. Stevens' auction-room yesterday afternoon for thirty guineas.

The mask is in a better state of preservation than the others, which are in possession of the National Portrait Gallery.

BRIGHTON MOTOR MEET.

Large Crowd Cheers and Smiles at
Feminine Competitors.

Brighton, in an attempt to achieve favour in the motoring world, commenced its four days' motor-car racing yesterday.

The city by the sea was alive with motor-cars and motoring folk. Huge racing cars jostled each other outside the hotels, and motor-bicycles sped explosively up and down the long promenade, while enormous crowds of people gathered to watch the racing.

The early part of the afternoon was devoted to running off heats in low-powered cars. Many of these carried lady passengers as make-weights, who crouched with bent heads, their veils flying in approved professional style.

To the keen amusement of onlookers in the third heat for £200 cars, the first lady racer, Miss Elmslie, suddenly made her appearance. These were three out of the race, and the lady, attired in white with straw hat and dark glasses, was, alas! a good hundred yards behind the winner.

"Never mind, Miss," yelled an enthusiast in the crowd, "you'll never get run in for exceeding the speed limit."

The speed of the smaller cars excited considerable excitement among onlookers. "I've heard a lot about your lightning express motors," declared an American, in the Grand Stand, "but this racing wouldn't compare with our street cars."

A second lady racer flashed along the track. She was Miss A. M. Hind, but, despite a coolness which was admirable, she was far behind the leader in the heat, and the crowd groaned aloud for the ladies were the most interesting feature of yesterday's racing.

When the heavier cars came Miss Victoria Godwin, in a big Ariel Simplex, retrieved her sister motorists' misfortunes. With a good fifty yards to spare she beat a 24-h.p. F.I.A.T., and as she flew past the winning-post she smiled gaily at the wildly cheering crowd.

THE DUNMOW FLITCH.

Clergyman Appears Among the Applicants
for the Honourable Bacon.

The commission appointed to decide who had fairly earned the Dunmow Flitch of bacon sat yesterday afternoon—not in a dingy law court, but in a marquee gaily decorated with bunting.

Six fair maidens and six stalwart bachelors formed the jury. From a pole hung the famous flitch bedecked with rosettes and ribbons.

Two claimants—one a cleric, Mr. Jenkins, from the land of leeks, the other from Shropshire—advanced the claim that they had never had unkind words since they were married.

The Rev. Owen Jenkins and his wife, Elizabeth, who had been married thirty-six years, received the flitch. The successful candidate then addressed the audience, stating that he would gladly officiate and unite the bachelors and maidens of the jury.

The second couple were also awarded a flitch.

LONG LOST SON DISCOVERED.

Mother Hears of Her Boy After Thirty-four
Years' Silence.

After being separated from her son, whom she imagined to be dead, for thirty-four years, Nurse Evans, of East Grinstead, has just received a loving letter from him.

The story reads like a wild romance. In 1871 her son left his home in New Quay, South Wales, to join a merchant ship. The ship sank, and the boy's mother felt certain he was drowned.

A few days ago the rector of New Quay received a letter from him, written from Fiji, asking for news of the relatives he had left behind. The rector traced his mother and forwarded the letter to the nurse at Grinstead.

The boy—now a man with a wife and several children—has been wandering all over the world for years.

BISLEY BRONZE MEDAL WINNER.

In the first stage in the King's Prize yesterday at Bisley there was some excellent shooting.

The bronze medal was won by Sergeant Souter, of the Gordon Highlanders, with 103, and other good scores were: Sergeant Nance, 2nd Cornwall, 102; Mr. Griffin, 2nd Devon, 102; Private Stennett, 2nd Lincoln, 100; Cycle-Sergeant Thomson, 1st Warwick, 100; Lieutenant W. T. Davis, 3rd Glamorgan, 100; and Private G. Roberts, Queen's Edinburgh, 100.

MOORS WITH FRENCH OFFICERS.

During a battle at Ujada, in which the forces of the Sultan of Morocco gained a decisive victory over the forces of the Pretender (says Reuter's special correspondent at Fez) French officers took an important part.

They directed the guns and helped materially in a success which will greatly strengthen the position of the Sultan.

STORES SCANDALS.

Skilled Army Accountant's Offer
Rejected by the War Office.

THE WEAK SPOT.

The principal witness before the South African Army Stores Commission yesterday was Mr. J. A. Flynn, Assistant Director of the Army Finance.

"I only heard of the dual system of contracts—buying from and selling to the same individual—when I arrived home," said the witness.

This might not have been the case had a suggestion he made to the War Office been accepted. This was that he should go carefully into contract matters. But the proposal was negatived by Lord Stanley, who was then Financial Secretary to the War Office.

Mr. Flynn was questioned as to evidence he had given before the Butler Commission with regard to Colonel Hipwell, the Director of Supplies. One of Mr. Flynn's responses to the Commission was:—

"I can only say that I attribute the losses to the public which have occurred in South Africa to placing in the position of Director of Supplies an officer who, in my opinion, was obviously unequal to the post."

Occasion to Rejoice.

Sir Francis Mowatt: Do you adhere to that opinion?

Witness: Yes.

Mr. Flynn explained that he did not mean to describe Colonel Hipwell as an inefficient officer. In his previous post as Examiner of Accounts he was most efficient.

Mr. H. J. Edwards, who accompanied Mr. Flynn to South Africa, gave particulars of several contracts and refunds upon which his advice was asked in Pretoria.

He declared that he never heard the names of Meyer or Stepany while he was in South Africa. He never heard the faintest suggestion that the same persons were buying from and selling to the Government.

"If I had," declared the witness, "I should have rejoiced at such a find as an accountant."

The Commission adjourned at 3.30 till to-morrow.

QUESTIONS ABOUT THE RAT.

Mr. MacVeagh, M.P., has asked the Colonial Secretary whether his attention has been called to the statement of Sir Fleetwood Wilson that "the cause of the disappearance of the missing papers" was that a rat got into the store, and that the medical officer ordered the destruction of the papers in order to prevent a plague.

BAREFACED ROBBERY.

How Contractors Were Coerced Into Abetting
Army Frauds.

How the taxpayer was robbed is told in the "Review of Reviews" by Mr. Stead, who heard the story from the manager of a large store in Cape Town.

"There was no concealment about it," said this gentleman. "We had an order for canvas horse mangers at 15s. apiece, and in tendering a second time were told that if we increased our quotation the tender would be accepted."

"You can account for the 5s. afterwards," was the significant explanation.

On refusing, not only was the tender thrown out, but no order for other goods was given for a month.

On seeking an explanation he was told: "If you will be stuck up and won't do as the others do, you won't fare as the others fare, that's all." This patriot then "capitulated"—as he put it himself.

OUR YOUTHFUL QUEEN.

Frenchman Declares That Her Majesty Cannot
Be "More Than Thirty."

An eager French voice asked, "Who is that very pretty woman?" just as the Queen came into the quadrangle on Saturday when their Majesties formally opened the Homes for Officers' Widows and Daughters at Wimbledon.

He was incredulous (says "Madge," in "Truth") when someone told him it was the Queen. "Why, she cannot be more than thirty," he declared. Her Majesty was looking especially charming in a bluish mauve dress and toque to match.

GOVERNMENT DENOUNCED.

In Albert-square, Manchester, yesterday afternoon, there was a mass meeting of unemployed, at which strong speeches were delivered against the Government.

The march to London has been fixed for August 2.

TRAINING FOR LIFE.

Marquis of Londonderry's Plea for
Rational Education.

The Marquis of Londonderry urged training in the practical affairs of life in elementary schools in preference to an excess of brain-work, when addressing the London Congress of Public Health at His Majesty's Theatre yesterday.

"In schools of a certain type," said the Marquis, "I believe a special training in the simpler forms of industry in the case of boys, and a special training in home duties in the case of girls, might well replace certain developments of intellectual education."

"It would be a grievous mistake," he said, referring to certain modern proposals to interfere with the ordinary duties of parents "to charge the public purse with the cost of feeding children in elementary schools until it is demonstrated that voluntary effort is inadequate."

Amongst the subjects to be discussed during the six days of the congress are embalming (as the only sane method of dealing with the dead), the motor-omnibus as an aid to sanitation, garden cities, vegetarianism, the Thames as a salmon river, and bathing in children.

On Sunday special services will be held in St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey.

FAIR CHANNEL SWIMMER.

Miss Annette Kellerman Practising for Her
Great Effort.

Miss Annette Kellerman, the Australian lady swimmer, who will attempt to swim the English Channel towards the end of August for the *Daily Mirror* trophy, was swimming for about two hours yesterday in Dover Bay.

She appeared to be in excellent form, and swam very strongly during the whole of the time she was in the water. She is looking forward confidently to the great effort she is to make next month, and for the next few days she will probably swim daily in the bay for two hours.

CHANNEL TUNNEL.

Board of Trade To Be Asked Whether the
Prohibition May Be Removed.

Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice will ask the Secretary to the Board of Trade to-day if any communications have recently taken place between the British and French Governments in regard to the construction of the Channel Tunnel.

He will also ask if it is proposed by his Majesty's Government to continue the prohibition which has for so many years prevented the further progress of the works on this side of the Channel.

During the years 1881-1883 operations were in progress both from the French and English sides of the Channel to complete this much-discussed tunnel. A shaft was sunk near Dover, and a "heading" was made which went about a mile and a quarter under the water.

From the French side, too, operations were making such satisfactory progress that a junction would be effected in about two years' time, when the operations were suddenly stopped in 1883 owing to a fear that the tunnel might be used some day by an invading army.

AGAINST PUBLIC POLICY.

Justice Darling's Dictum in a Breach of
Promise Case.

Quite a homily was delivered by Mr. Justice Darling at the conclusion of the action for breach of promise by Gwendoline Prevost, a typewriter, against Sidney Wood, an insurance inspector yesterday.

After the jury had returned a verdict for defendant, his Lordship, in entering judgment, said he did so on the ground that as far as the breach of promise was concerned it would be against public policy to allow plaintiff judgment even if she had recovered a verdict from the jury.

Mrs. Prevost was a married woman when Mr. Wood fell in love with her. She had taken proceedings for divorce against her husband, and before the decree nisi was made absolute she lived with Mr. Wood.

BOOM IN PEARL BUTTONS.

The soft-fronted shirt is now so much in demand that there is quite a boom in the Birmingham pearl button trade. The demand for these buttons has increased by millions.

ROBBERY FROM A DOG.

Sent out to collect money for a Northampton hospital in connection with a cycle parade, a St. Bernard was taken from the young lady in charge and a money-box soldered to its collar wrenched away.

LADY MACLEAN'S FIRM DENIAL.

Conflicting Evidence of a Mother
and Her Daughters.

"A GIANT'S KISS."

Both Lady Maclean and Mr. Mortimer, respondent and co-respondent respectively in the Kaid Maclean divorce suit, gave evidence yesterday, and both denied the charges against them emphatically and with a great appearance of indignation.

Lady Maclean said:
"I swear that Mr. Mortimer was never in my room at any time."
Mr. Mortimer said:
"It is a lie."

So emphatic was he that Mr. Willock, his counsel, who was examining him, hastened to exclaim:
"If you say that it is untrue we shall be satisfied."

Both the middle-aged lady and the young man presented imposing appearances as they stood in the witness-box. They are both far above the average height of men and women, and both possess what people call "good looks."

The most interesting part of the evidence of each was that in which occurred the name of Miss Patsy Maclean, of whom Mr. Mortimer was the presumed lover at the time he is alleged to have been intriguing with her mother.

"She called me all kinds of names," declared Lady Maclean, questioned about the scene when her daughter accused her, "and said that I had no shame."

"I said to her, 'Patsy, keep quiet. It is an awful shame of me to have a guest in the house whose room was nearly should have what you are saying to your mother.'"

"Patsy was most excited, and if she had been taller and stronger she would have scratched my face to pieces."

"I could never have believed that a young girl could have known all the names she called me!" "We have seen Miss Patsy in court," said Mr. Hume Williams, K.C., cross-examining. "Do you say that Mr. Mortimer meant to marry her?"

Lady Maclean (with great emphasis): I swear that I thought he was going to marry her.

Respondent's Love-Letters.

On this point—that he was paying great attention to Miss Patsy—Mr. Mortimer was equally positive. Mr. Willock had asked him what he saw that attracted him in the girl.

"I considered Miss Patsy a very clever girl," he replied. "I liked her manners. She had very charming manners—very nice. I may go so far as to say that I was particularly fond of Miss Patsy Maclean."

In proof of the officer's devotion Mr. Willock read the following letter:—

"My Darling Patsy—I got your sweet letter by the second post. I read your letters several times before I cut them from the flames for safety, as you would not like anybody else to read them. My love to you and a thousand kisses. If you call me 'Mr. M.' again I shall not write."

Another letter said: "My Dear Pat—I looked for you on the verandah in hopes of seeing you and being able to give you a long kiss."
A further expression of passion was:—

"I do wish I was giving you a big hug and a long kiss. With love and a giant's kiss, yours, SPENSER."

Mr. Mortimer was asked about what happened after the scene between mother and daughter. He replied that he did not know that accusations had been made, but there had evidently been "a great rumour."

The case was again adjourned.

DANGEROUS MUSHROOMS.

Knowledge Which Might Have Saved the
Lives of Poisoned Children.

The three children who survived at Omagh out of the five who ate poisonous growths which they mistook for mushrooms, are not yet out of danger. It is feared that the death-roll may yet be added to.

As so many are poisoned by such growths, the following rules for identifying the true mushroom may be useful during the mushroom season.
First, the "pasture mushroom," as it is called, does not grow in wet or boggy places, in woods or about the stumps of trees, but in short, upland, wind-swept pastures. It seldom exceeds four or five inches in diameter, and it has a stem which is firm (never hollow), with a kind of clothy ring round the middle. The "gills" underneath the cap are white in the very young state, then a tender pink, and finally brown or black.

HUSBAND SIGHS FOR POCKET-MONEY.

Quite a pathetic note was struck at Bow County Court yesterday by a debtor who said he did not earn anything because he worked for his wife, and she would never give him any pocket-money.

DIVORCE COURT DRESS.

Delicate Question Suggested by Mr.
Justice Darling's, Reproof.

How ought a lady to dress for a visit to the Divorce Court?

This question has been raised by an incident in the Prevost-Wood bench of promise case. A barrister was reprimanded by Mr. Justice Darling for having advised a lady petitioner not to dress, on one hand, too dowdily, and, on the other, too showily.

The learned King's Bench Judge seemed to think that an attempt had been made to work upon the divorce Judge and jury's masculine prejudices, which would be in favour of a woman dressed so as to compel at once their admiration, their interest, and their sympathy.

The question as to what dress should be worn is one very difficult to answer, but some hints may perhaps be gathered from the dresses recently worn in celebrated cases.

The Hartopp case was one of the best-dressed cases on record. Lady Hartopp appeared in court day after day in a costume that seemed to outline in daintiness and smartness the costume of the "previous hearing." Her successive hats were the wonder of the Court.

And Mrs. Sands, who Lady Hartopp said was her rival in Sir Charles Hartopp's regard, gave a demonstration of how effectively and variedly a beautiful woman can adorn her beauty.

The trial gave both ladies immense scope, for it lasted for three weeks.

But quite recently very sober costumes have been in fashion. Both Lady Abdy and Lady Maclean have worn nothing but black.

MADE POOR BY CHARITY.

Lady Becomes Bankrupt Through Her
Philanthropic Zeal.

For years philanthropic work occupied the time of Miss Adeline Pym, of Sunnyside, East Molesey. Afterwards it swallowed her fortune.

Her first venture, a navies' home at Woodford Junction, was a success until the South African War. The majority of the inmates went to the front.

Then Miss Pym built a home at Staines, but Nemesis knocked at the door. Thames floods stopped the work and a fire did the rest.

An institution at Walton-on-Thames, which she started, was burnt down.

At the first meeting of the lady's creditors at the Bankruptcy Court yesterday, when liabilities were placed at £1,627 and assets nil, Miss Pym attributed her losses to the homes, but admitted that she lost £200 over the purchase of Klondyke shares in 1899.

As there was no proposal before the meeting, the Official Receiver was left to deal with the matter.

VIRTUES OF SIMPLE DIET.

Debtor with an Exceptional Mother-in-Law
Lives for Years on Bread-and-Butter.

"I have been kept by my mother-in-law for four years," said Alfred Heilbut, commercial traveller, yesterday, when appearing at Clerkenwell County Court for a reduction of an order.

Judge Edge: You have a very good mother-in-law—quite a rarity.

The Mother-in-law: He has hardly had bread and butter to eat of late years.

Judge Edge: Well, he looks remarkably well on it. It is quite a testimony to the vegetarian doctrine.

On the other hand, the creditor concerned said the debtor lived in a £75 house, fed on the fat of the land, had "shot the moon" from one of his houses, had boasted that he knew all the ropes of the county court, backed horses, and altogether cut a dash.

The Judge reduced the payment of the debt to £2 per month.

ELECTRIC DANGER IN COAL MINES

Are incandescent miners' lamps, in which fall trust has been reposed, dangerous in coal pits? Experiments by Mr. M. F. Holliday, of the Littleburn Colliery, has shown that a 16-candle-power lamp placed in coal dust will, under certain circumstances, give rise to spontaneous combustion.

TELL-TALE COCKATOO.

Screams from a cockatoo and the vigilance of a Mrs. Emma Crow led to Henry White, a cook, being sentenced to four years' penal servitude and three years' police supervision at Clerkenwell Sessions yesterday.

Two ornaments and a revolver were stolen from Mr. Marshall, of Wilmot-street, E., and the timely screaming of the bird drew Mrs. Crow's attention.

MRS. BROWN-POTTER.

Her Stage Earnings Estimated at
from £3,000 to £5,000 a Year.

WHY SHE IS BANKRUPT.

The creditors of Mrs. Brown-Potter, the famous actress, who met at the London Bankruptcy Court yesterday, heard from the chairman an interesting statement of the lady's affairs.

Her earnings on the stage, they were told, had averaged from £3,000 to £5,000 a year.

Mrs. Brown-Potter estimated her liabilities at £18,266, of which £2,451 were returned as unsecured, and said that there were also contingent liabilities amounting to £5,000 in connection with the production of "Du Barri."

The assets were estimated to produce £9,864, in addition to which the debtor owned shares in certain companies and papers relating to the concession of certain lands in Northern Nigeria.

Apparently her assets were more than sufficient to meet her liabilities, but the Official Receiver understood the property, valued by the debtor at £31,750, had recently been put up for auction, and the reserve-figure of £9,000 was not offered.

Solvent Last August.

In August last, reported the chairman, she was undoubtedly solvent, and out of her capital she then purchased about five acres of land at Maidenhead upon which she built Bray Lodge, together with stables.

She then purchased Thamesfield and The Den. She estimated her total outlay on the property at £15,000, and she had mortgaged it to the extent of £13,507.

Part of the money so raised was required for her production at the Savoy Theatre of "Pagliacci," which did not prove a financial success.

As to the play "Du Barri," which was also produced at the Savoy, the debtor stated that her late solicitor was concerned with the production. The theatre was closed on May 6 last, and she was technically liable for a portion of the rent, as she had signed the lease on behalf of the solicitor, who was that he represented a syndicate which was to produce plays at the theatre.

Mrs. Brown-Potter attributed her failure to the losses on the stage productions at the Savoy, which she alleged were due to a great extent to the action of the solicitor.

The case went into bankruptcy.

NOVELIST'S SYMPATHY.

"John Oliver Hobbes" Hopes Miss Doughty's
Sentence Will Be Reduced.

The widespread interest that has been taken in the case of Miss Doughty, who was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude for shooting Mr. Swan and his son in Bond-street, shows no sign of diminishing.

The *Daily Mirror* continues to be the recipient of a large number of letters from all parts of the United Kingdom.

Mrs. Craigie, better known under her pen-name of "John Oliver Hobbes," writes:—

"I hope that the sentence will be reduced. Seven years to a woman of that temperament would be equal to twenty years in some other cases."

A Roman Catholic and a Welshwoman" writes:—

"Can it be possible that the men and women of England realise that one of their sisters, Florence Doughty, is lying dangerously ill at Aylesbury Prison under a cruel and unjust sentence? . . . May I appeal to your readers to sign the petition which lies at 343, Edgware-road, W."

MOTOR-CAR ANOMALIES.

Westminster Magistrate Puzzled by the Law's
Weak Points.

"I cannot possibly explain such an anomalous state of the law. I can fine a man 40s. only for being drunk while driving in a motor-car, yet I can fine anyone £5 who leaves his licence at home."

So said Mr. Horace Smith at Westminster on finding James Stevens, a motor-car driver, for driving without a licence, and £2 for failing to produce his licence.

Stevens ran his motor-car into a cab in Eaton-place, and, although he attributed the accident to the heat, a doctor ascribed it to drink.

MR. BURKE NOT HOAXED.

Further inquiry having completely demonstrated the incorrectness of the statements made by our Cambridge correspondent as to Mr. J. Butler Burke having been hoaxed in connection with his "Origin of Life" researches, we feel bound to offer Mr. Burke our apologies, and to express regret that the statements should have appeared.

FOUNDLING MYSTERY.

Foster-Mother Arrested and Charged
with Abandoning a Baby.

Throughout the Slough district intense interest is being evinced in the case of Mrs. Mary Bugden, a resident, who was brought before the local magistrates yesterday on a charge of abandoning a child at Upton Park, Slough, early last month.

The circumstances are peculiar and promise sensational developments. The little one, who was discovered in a shrubbery by workmen, is one of several foundlings which have lately been a source of much concern to the Elton Board of Guardians.

In this case, consequently, the guardians advertised for a home for the child who is the subject of the present charge.

They had just found a home for it when the police intervened and arrested Mrs. Bugden. They state that the child has been identified by its mother, who also recognised the woman now charged as the person who was left in charge of it.

When the police arrested Mrs. Bugden they found her with two children. One of these she alleges is her own boy—five and a half years of age—but the other she admits is a foster baby, the address of whose parents she has, she says, mislaid. The husband of the prisoner is stated to be away in Canada.

Mrs. Bugden, who is between forty and fifty, persists that she is innocent of the charge.

Superintendent Pearman told the magistrates yesterday that the police had been unable to complete their inquiries, and a further remand was granted.

LADY CYCLIST'S FEAT.

Changes Her Costume Without Dismounting
from Her Machine.

Gliding along the Uxbridge-road on her bicycle, a lady neatly attired in a knickerbocker suit, performed a quick-change feat with ease.

Slackening speed she took a brown-paper parcel from the handle-bars, opened it, shook out a tweed skirt matching the suit, and donned it without dismounting.

Then, according to the "Lady," she removed her hands from the handle-bars, fastened some hooks and eyes at the back, and continued her journey with the folds of the garment falling gracefully at either side of the back wheel.

HOSTELRY PROBLEM.

Magistrate Tells Licensee That No One Can
Make Him Sell Drink Against His Will.

What is the position of a licensed victualler who, because of bad trade, desires to close his house?

Such was the problem presented by an applicant for advice at the Thames Police Court yesterday. He was, he said, landlord and licensee of the Waterloo public-house, Wicker-street, St. George's. Could he close the house, as it did not pay? He had paid the rates and rent out of his own pocket, and not out of the takings, the result being he was now ruined.

Mr. Cluer: That is just it. In this district the brewers get all the profits, and the publican does not get anything. Of course you are liable for the rent while you are in the house, but you can close the house if you like. No one can make you sell drink if you do not wish to do so.

A HOLIDAY HANDBOOK.

Valuable Information About Places Where
Holidays Would Be Most Pleasantly Spent.

It is generally acknowledged that in holiday matters a good guide is of great service, as there are many things relating to holiday resorts on which it is as well to have enlightenment beforehand. Most of us have a decided preference for certain places of well-defined characteristics; for instance, to many a bracing climate would be an impossibility, to others it would be absolutely essential to the real enjoyment of a holiday and the health-giving benefits that it brings.

To enable us to decide beforehand on the place that would suit us best a really good guide is essential, and we can cordially recommend the *Daily Mirror* Holiday Resort Guide. It does not cost shillings, but is sold at the marvellously low price of threepence. It saves time and trouble because it gives a list, among other things, of the best apartments and hotels.

Welcome Souvenirs

— FROM —

Seaside and Country.

When away from home, write on the "Wrench" series of Picture Postcards—the most charming and varied selection ever published.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

THE KING AT NEWMARKET.

Sir Edgar Vincent Wins Two Races,
Including the July Handicap.

ALIENA WINS THE MATCH.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

NEWMARKET, Wednesday Night.—The King drove up from the Jockey Club Rooms shortly before the first race, and already there was a large gathering of the patricians of the Turf in the enclosures by the plantation.

The sun came through about noon with increased ardour, and every possible shade was sought by the general public, as the heat became very great.

Racing opened very briskly, no fewer than eighteen youngsters going to the post for the Two-Year-Old Plate. The troop gave considerable trouble to the starter, and eventually Cleopatra was left when the barrier went up. Tutbury, quickest to begin, soon gave way to Lubin, Marcanta filly, and Waima filly. The latter pair joined in a fine struggle, and, to the surprise of backers, Waima filly beat the favourite by a neck. It was a smart performance, and the winner subsequently realised 400 guineas at auction.

THE KING ON THE NEW STAND.

There was a still better race for the Swaffham Welter, which was watched by his Majesty from the balcony of the new chalet. Sir Ernest Cassel's Transfer was the popular favourite, but that three-year-old seemed overweighted, and made no prominent show.

The contest when the leaders reached the dip was practically confined to four horses—St. Wulfrum on the plantation side, Kirby and Pomegranate and Esquire. These dashed up the final ascent of the Bunbury Mile neck and neck, and, at a most critical point, Kirby destroyed his own chance and seriously hampered St. Wulfrum by cannoning, Pomegranate scrambling home by a head from St. Wulfrum, who was about a cigar's length in front of Esquire.

This was not Sir Edgar Vincent's only success, as he won the more important July Handicap with Donnetta. This mare was heavily backed. She was leniently handicapped, and had 5lb. off, as the apprentice Blades was riding. Moreover, six furlongs was not too severe a test for her stamina. There was money for Nirvanah, representing Gilpin's stable, and for Bass Rock, who carried the Koltschid's fortunes. Neither of the latter pair had much to do with the finish.

AN EXCITING FINISH.

Donnetta drew out at the bottom of the hill, but she was rapidly overhauled by Mouraviff. He could not quite get up, however, and was beaten by a few inches, a verdict which would have been turned the other way in another few strides.

Lord Cadogan matched his recent purchase, Curragong, against Lord Penrhyn's Aliena, bought here at the First July meeting. The ring was almost equally divided on the merits of the rivals, but Aliena made very small beer of her antagonist, and won in a canter.

His Eminence, Lord Howard de Walden's aptly-named colt by Royal Highness—Altesse, was reckoned to have the Sale Stakes at his mercy, and this handsome bay justified the confidence of those who had the odds by winning in decisive style from Rose Lips and Gazeful, to both of whom he was conceding a lot of weight. His Eminence practically made all the running, but Cannon had to put in some strong work just at the close to shake off the attentions of Rose Lips.

ROUGE CROIX WINS AT LAST.

The King and the Duke of Devonshire went down to the end of the enclosure to the further winning post, to see the race for the Zetland Plate, in which the Duke's colours were carried by Commune. Rouge Croix was the big market order, his backers apprehending most danger from Isle of Ely and Strathglass. Commune ran well and caused Maher to use the whip on Rouge Croix, but the latter had the prize secure in the last hundred yards, and scored by three lengths. This was Rouge Croix's first success as a three-year-old, but it scarcely enhances his reputation, as the class in opposition could not be highly appreciated.

There was plenty of excitement in most of the races, but a tame ending was reached in the Foal Stakes, wherein the birds kept the rat at bay until the arrival of the park-keeper put the rat to flight.

(Continued on page 14.)

DUCKS FIGHT A RAT.

A duck in the Brockwell Park Lake seeing a rat swimming towards one of the ducklings, which it had already injured, attacked the rodent to save his offspring.

The rat tried repeatedly to seize the duck by the throat, but the bird struck the fierce little creature with her bill. The drake then joined in the fight, and together the birds kept the rat at bay until the arrival of the park-keeper put the rat to flight.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Mr. Will Crooks, M.P., elicited the fact from Lord Stanley yesterday that the total number of persons on the established staff of the Post Office on March 31 last was 83,113, of whom 11,579 were females.

South Wales coal owners yesterday agreed to accept £5,500 in settlement of the costs in the stop-day action.

No fewer than three interpreters were requisitioned to deal with various cases which came before the Thames stipendiary yesterday.

Dr. H. L. Anthony, one of the American delegates to the Baptist Congress, who met with such a tragic death in the Strand, was buried at Kensal Green yesterday.

Built by the Thames Ironworks Company for the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, a new lifeboat 30ft. long has now replaced the old one stationed many years since at Ryde, Isle of Wight.

At Sotheby's yesterday a copy of the first edition of Scott's Waverley, 1814, in the original boards, realised £131; and at Christie's a pair of oblong panels of old Brussels tapestry illustrating scenes from Roman History went for 115 guineas.

Crews of new municipal offices, erected at a cost of £20,000, were opened by the mayor (Alderman Hill) yesterday. When the town was incorporated the council housed its staff in an old church, and later, when further accommodation was needed, a hotel was purchased and the licence extinguished.

Workhouses are becoming most desirable places to live in. Camberwell Guardians have now set apart a room for marriage ceremonies, and this hymeneal chamber is to be covered with a £10 carpet, upon which the contracting parties will be united.

Lady Palgrave, widow of the late Sir Reginald Palgrave, clerk to the House of Commons, died yesterday at Salisbury.

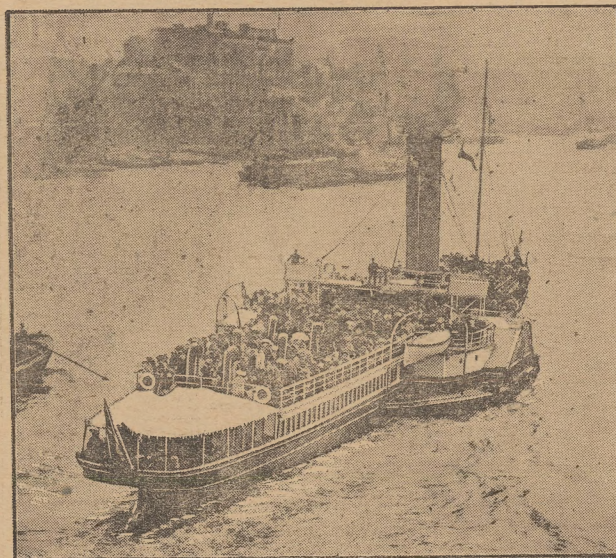
Mr. Lewis Waller's present season at the Imperial Theatre concludes to-morrow night, when he will play the part of "Monsieur Beaucaire" for the 566th time.

Another death from the heat was inquired into at Shore ditch yesterday, the victim being the wife of a market porter named Johns. After putting on her bonnet upstairs she descended to the kitchen, where she suddenly succumbed.

At a particularly dangerous bend on the Great Central Railway line at Grimsby docks yesterday a man was decapitated by an express from Leicester, making the third fatality which has taken place there this year.

Roused to active protest by a cold douche from a passing watercart at Llangollen, a lady visitor rebuked the driver. Then, deeming that mere words hardly met the case, she mounted the cart and belaboured him with her umbrella. Crows collected, and when a constable asked for names one was given him which he could not spell. The driver is seeking justice.

NEWSPAPER ENTERPRISE UP-TO-DATE.



The Belle steamer conveying "Evening News" readers to Horno Bay leaving London Bridge yesterday. For 5s. a ticket for two persons to make the trip, including tea, was obtainable, and in addition each ticket entitled the holder to insert a 5s. advertisement in the "Evening News."

Mr. James Mansergh, the well-known civil engineer, left a fortune of £103,041.

Mr. George Wyndham and Lady Grosvenor entertained nearly 2,000 guests at a garden-party at Dover yesterday.

While excavating in the Market-square at Dover yesterday, workmen unearthed thirty-four human skeletons, and later in the day discovered the fabric of a channel house.

Charmed with a snake 27in. long which it found in a backyard at Hopwood, near Heywood, a cat played with the reptile until the owner of the house forcibly took it away with a pair of tongs.

For stealing a donkey which, when recovered, was found to have had its tail cut off and been otherwise brutally treated, John Henry Warm, hawker, of Bradford, was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment at Scarborough Quarter Sessions yesterday.

Brought on by the heat an unquenchable thirst induced a fourteen-year-old boy to raid a brewery at Colchester. He carried off several bottles of beer, and soon afterwards was found helplessly intoxicated. Young though he is, there are four previous convictions recorded against him for various offences.

Whitechapel Guardians are setting a good example in the matter of economical Poor-law administration. Since 1903 the calls of the board have decreased from £29,940 to £21,576 for the half-year ending Lady Day, 1905. The saving of a 141. rate is effected by the latter call compared with the corresponding period of 1903.

Sir Albert de Rutzen yesterday completed twenty-nine years' service as a metropolitan magistrate.

The turbine steamer Invicta created a new cross-Channel record yesterday, making the passage from Dover to Calais in fifty-two minutes.

Nearly two thousand operative cotton spinners in the Ashton-under-Lyne district sent in notices yesterday for an advance of five per cent. in wages.

Members of the Royal Fleet Reserve yesterday received notice from the Admiralty to be in readiness to mobilise at their respective depots at any moment.

The vestries of both All Hallows Church, London Wall, and St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, have declined to agree to the proposed demolition of the former church.

Thornston (Devon) Rifle Club have given up the use of Government ammunition for rifle practice, because they find that the cartridges supplied by private firms are of much better quality.

Mr. Arnold-Forster, replying to Sir Henry Seton-Karr, M.P., yesterday, stated that the trials of the new short rifle were not yet completed. "Manufacture," he added, "is proceeding to complete the number ordered. No change has been decided upon."

Attention is drawn by Mr. Weir, M.P., to the possible danger arising from the narrowness of the footboards of the carriages used in the new express services from the north to Folkestone, Dover, and Deal, and to the amount of space between the footboards and the platform at Deal Station.

GLUT OF MONEY IN LOMBARD-STREET.

Yet Gilt-Edged Stocks Do Not
Improve.

UNEXPECTED FAILURE.

CAPEL COURT, Wednesday Evening.—Certainly money conditions continue wonderfully easy. A visit to Lombard-street in the closing hour of the day's business will find money described almost as a drug in the market. It ought to mean that the gilt-edged stocks are improving. But they are not. Rather they seem inclined to shed fractions daily. The truth is, business is very idle, and the markets are very apathetic. Here and there we find a market in full blast of speculation, such as Foreign Rails, and so long as there are no clouds overhead all is well.

As regards Consols, which are just a shade easier at 90½, there are various reasons given to account for the shedding process. Yesterday it was the coming dissolution. That idea has proved ill-founded. To-day they were grumbling because M. Witte does not predict an early peace. It would be degrading his own argument at the Peace Congress were he to predict peace with confidence. Then the Government policy of renewing Treasury bills was disliked. It means less money for market purposes. Also the French gold demand was disliked. But the East Indian Railway debenture success had no influence, though the early closing of the lists is a good proof that the investor is not asleep.

A RAMPAGEOUS JOBBER.

More Home Railway dividends to-day. The Great Eastern's 1½ per cent. per annum was up to expectations, and the carry forward a little above them. So they bought Great Easterns. The District's 1½ per cent. per annum on the Guaranteed was bad, and there was a significant omission about any carry forward. So Districts dropped.

Traffics were not encouraging. There were one or two good takings. They were the Lancashire and Yorkshire, the Great Central, the Tilbury, the Midland, and the North British. They did not stop Home Rails from being dull, though stocks like Brighton "A" and Dover "A" were kept up, and there was a rampageous jobber shouting himself hoarse over Metropolitan, which he managed to work up 41.

Of Americans, nothing at all. Nobody wanted them, and there was nothing doing. They rallied, however, quite at the close. They were inclined to want Grand Trunks and other Canadian Rails, and, of course, Foreign Rails were again quite a variety show. It happens every day, but it does not pall on the speculators for the rise in them.

PARIS FAVOURITES BETTER.

Paris was by no means pessimistic. Nearly all the Bourse favourites were better. Rio Tinto were distinctly good on the outlook for the metal, finishing below the best. Perhaps there was just a little selling of Japanese, and the new scrip was only ½ premium for cash. On the other hand, they are still buying the Internal Sixes. The fifth series at 93½ seems to be most fancied.

How easily things go wrong with Kaffirs. To-day they looked quite hopeless again. Paris, which bought a few yesterday, was shovelling them out quietly to-day. Chiefly Goldfields, Chartereds, Gedulds, and Modderfonteins. The market looked miserable at first. Apparently the Associated report is read by some people favourably. At all events, Associated were the feature of the Westralian market. And elsewhere it was very difficult to find anything in mines.

A nasty jar was the unexpected failure this morning of the old-established and prominent firm of brokers Mocatta, Sons, and Browne. The firm was a go-between in loan transactions of the banks and the Stock Exchange, and the arbitrary action of one of the joint-stock banks in withdrawing a loan seems to have been the cause.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CIVIL SERVICE BANK (C. J. S., Dundee): (1) Market very uncertain. You might get 6s. 6d. a share for them, but it is doubtful. (2) There is no quotation obtainable for Founders' shares.—BROKER (W. P.): We have sent you the name of a broker.—BANK (Angela): No charge, if the account is a good one, depends on the bank. Same applies to question of amount; £50 or upwards. Not many banks would refuse nowadays.—BRITISH WESTINGHOUSE (Electric): Competition again. The market thinks they should not fall further.

JANEY: (1) Millwall Four-and-a-Half per Cent. Pref. 70. Dividend just declared. (2) Yes, ultimately.—HENDERSON AND CO. (E. M.): Cut your loss and avoid the bucket-shop in future.

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Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1905.

A WORD OF WARNING TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

IT is not often that the House of Lords attracts public notice. Its existence for most of the time is that of a select and unobtrusive debating society, where little speeches are made to which nobody pays the slightest attention. In a general way, one may add that its proceedings are reported in the newspapers only when there is something ridiculous about them.

Never has the House of Lords in the whole course of our history made itself more ridiculous than by throwing out the Bill for giving London more tramway routes—among them the lines over Westminster and Blackfriars Bridges and along the Embankment. So fatuous an action is difficult to account for. The Lords must have been suffering from temporary aberration due to the heat!

For years past this Embankment tramway has been under discussion. Year by year patience and determination have cleared obstructions out of the way. London was resolved to have it, and one by one the objectors have been obliged to cave in. The last to back down was the Corporation of the City of London, generally reckoned the most effete and antiquated body in the kingdom, if not in the world. With the Corporation converted, it did seem as if the scheme was safe at last.

But the House of Lords was jealous for its reputation. It seized the opportunity to show that both it and the Corporation had been misjudged. It decided to prove that for stupid antipathy to progress and for selfish disregard of the popular will and convenience it could give the Corporation a goodstart and yet beat it hands down every time.

Well, it has proved that beyond all question. It has vindicated the tradition which represents the Lords as being outside the current of the national life and opposed to everything tending to benefit any class except their own. It has made all who have been in the habit of denouncing a hereditary Upper Chamber look remarkably foolish. It has provided the strongest argument possible in favour of extinguishing the hereditary principle altogether.

There was a Roman proverb which said that when the Gods wished to ruin a man, they first made him mad. What it meant was that people who are on the way to destruction always do mad things. Does the House of Lords realise what a weapon such a piece of folly as this puts into the hands of those who are agitating all over the country for its abolition?

That it must be abolished some day is certain. The idea that a man is fit to make laws because his father made laws before him cannot much longer survive the spread of intelligence and education. Suppose you or I were to set up as doctors, without any training or special study, and were to invite people to employ us on the ground that our fathers had been doctors. We should be sent at once to Bedlam or Colney Hatch.

The time cannot be far off when this country will treat with the same amused scorn as the United States and France the very idea of a hereditary House of Legislators. Every such stupidity as this flouting of the working-classes of London, and through them their fellows throughout the land; every act which brings the Lords into such uncomfortable prominence as they are enjoying to-day, is bringing that time nearer.

The Lords might last another ten or fifteen years if they kept quiet and let people forget they were there. They seem bent upon hastening the moment of their doom. H. H. F.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Our relations are ours by lot, our friends by election.—*DeWitt.*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

IT seems that the holiday which King Edward is planning for himself this year is to be, as usual, very full of diplomatic occupation. Several interviews have been arranged with foreign potentates. It is always thus that the King plays his part of peacemaker. Amongst other important people his Majesty will probably meet the Emperor of Austria, who will spend the whole of August at that most delightful and select of watering-places, Ischl. Here one sees nothing but secluded villas and a few quiet streets—the place is a village inhabited by grandees recovering from the seasons in their crowded capitals.

The Shah of Persia will probably meet King Edward at Marienbad. This "king of kings" has, I hear, not enjoyed his visit to Paris quite as much as usual this year. He has suffered, strangely enough, from the heat. An Oriental, one imagines, ought to be used to that, but you must remember that in Persia the strenuous life is unknown. There is little to be done there, little happens, and, how-

and even if the climber knew that he must one day meet death amongst the peaks, it is certain that he would never renounce his joys.

Thus Sir Martin began his ascents at the age of seven with modest Snowdon—a long walk, none the less, for a little boy. He always maintains, by the way, that climbing is not half so dangerous as driving in a hansom cab or walking along Piccadilly. Nevertheless, he has several times had pretty narrow escapes. Once, in the Himalayas, one of his Gorkha guides slipped on an ice-slope. He was swept to his companions and slowly, grimly they began to slip after him. The man, with wonderful presence of mind, managed to cut a hold for himself with his ice-axe, however, and the others were then able to haul him up.

There are several well-known men coming up for membership of the Royal Yacht Squadron next month—the annual meeting always takes place on the afternoon of the Monday in the regatta week. There is no club so exclusive in the world as the R.Y.S., and it is a sine qua non that at the time of election a candidate must own a yacht of a

of Saxe-Coburg has just fled against his wife, Princess Louise. The violence with which she has been persecuted lately has won for the Princess a good deal of sympathy in England. Still, in spite of her sufferings, one cannot help calling hers a distinctly difficult disposition to control. She was married, if you like, when she was only sixteen; her husband behaved abominably to her, if you will. But that scarcely makes the odd conduct of the injured wife seem reasonable. It is one thing to be treated badly, and another to receive such treatment with dignity.

The first open breach between husband and wife in this case is said to have come about at a state ball in Belgium. The Princess overstepped Court etiquette by inviting a young lieutenant, with whom she was supposed to be in love, to dance with her. Furious jealousy was roused in her husband by this, as well as the inevitable Court gossip and slander. Not content with this result, the Princess is said to have indulged in a kind of skirt dance, later in the evening, with the object of irritating her husband still more.

The band of the Grenadier Guards will supply the musical portion of the memorial service to be held to-day at the Guards' Chapel for the late Sir Henry Trotter. There is no organ in this very beautiful chapel, nor is it likely there ever will be, as it is thought, and very rightly too, that the music should always be performed by soldiers belonging to the Household Brigade. Enormous sums of money have been spent on the Guards' Chapel, and it contains some fine stained-glass and superb gold mosaics.

Lord and Lady Tweeddale are leaving London almost immediately for Yester House, their beautiful place in Scotland, and about the end of next month will receive a shooting-party, as they intend shooting the grouse on the Lammermuirs about that time. Their elder son, Lord Gifford, who is likely to go into one of the Household Regiments before long, will be with them, and he promises to be a very good shot indeed.

Lord and Lady Edward Spencer Churchill are leaving town next week for Norway, where they will, as usual, have some salmon fishing. When they return from abroad they will go down to their place at Windsor for the remainder of the autumn.

Lord and Lady Dudley are to hold the wedding reception for Lord Hyde and Miss Verena Somers Cocks after they are united at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane-street, on August 5. Lady Dudley is a cousin of the bride, and 7, Carlton-gardens will be filled with all the smartest people left in London after Goodwood.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Viscount Ridley.

EVERYBODY prophesied, when he succeeded his father last year, that the new peer's voice would be frequently heard in the House of Lords—that place of illustrious sleep and meditation. And certainly it has now been raised, with no uncertain utterance, against the project for bringing tramways across the river on to the Embankment.

He seems to have become a very uncompromising Tory. There was something old-world in the magnificence with which he spoke of the Embankment, as though alluding to some preserves of his own, and, most impressive also was the airy optimism with which he put the case. Lord Ridley, with the hope of motor-omnibuses. It reminded one almost of the old French aristocrat: "If they can't get bread, let them eat cake!"

Lord Ridley was trained, however, under a school of quite mild Conservatism—under his own father, under Mr. C. T. Ritchie, whom he served as private secretary at the Home Office. He is married to a daughter of Lord Wimborne, too, and as a young man knew the fervid and distinctly modern political discussions which took place under the leadership of Lord Randolph Churchill, at Wimborne House.

He owns great estates in Northumberland, and these bring him in, it is said, as much as £75,000 a year. The sum runs in these days of decaying agriculture, less from the broad acres of land than from the flourishing seaport of Blyth, which is built upon them. The great resource of landowners, as everybody recognises, is to build seaside resorts on their property.

He is still very young, so there is hope for those who expect to convert him to a broader social policy. One is always a Socialist at twenty, and a Tory at thirty. The rest of one's life one is generally an opportunist.

IN MY GARDEN.

JULY 19.—Perfect weather for the garden is being experienced. Showers and sunshine make everything look fresh and lovely.

The curious scarlet-flowered horse mint is out. This is a showy plant, having an odour which resembles mint or thyme. A bunch of its brilliant flowers, with scarlet, purple, geranium, and lily-like, make a striking vaseful of colour.

Summer hastens on. Soon roots will begin to shoot from the daffodil bulbs. Soon we shall be thinking of spring. E. F. T.

THE NEW HORATIUS DEFENDING THE BRIDGE.



The Lord Chancellor (Lord Halsbury) took a leading part in defeating the Bill for bringing L.C.C. tramways across Westminster and Blackfriars Bridges and along the Embankment. He seemed to be inspired by the same desperate spirit as the hero of Macaulay's famous ode.

ever hot it may be, you can keep cool in the vast rooms of the palace at Teheran, behind trellised walls, within sound of fountains outside in the courtyard.

Indeed, one cannot help wondering why the Shah is so frequently attracted from these pleasant retreats. He often seems sufficiently gloomy in the West. When he last came here he withdrew, soon after his arrival, to his room, called for a piano, and sat playing a melancholy waltz for hours, while officials and servants anxiously waited outside for an interview. But the Shah absolutely ignores all etiquette. He kept the Austrian Emperor waiting for him outrageously a few weeks ago, and nothing will persuade him to be polite to the illustrious old ladies often presented to him in Europe. In Persia women have no souls, and with the vanishing of their youth their very right to existence is considered gone.

Sir Martin Conway, the hero of all Alpine climbers, is to preside to-night at the annual dinner of the Atlantic Union, which will be given at the Criterion Restaurant. Sir Martin has the satisfaction of knowing that he has climbed higher than any other man alive. This great achievement he accomplished in 1878, when he conquered the peak of Aconcagua in the Andes, and stood 23,050 feet above sea-level. From his infancy, one might almost say, Sir Martin has had the climbing fever in his blood. It is a fascination almost insuperable,

certain tonnage—though it does not follow that he need always be strictly a yacht owner. There is still going a vessel of the required tonnage which year after year is bought by a hopeful candidate and sold again at the end of the season.

An entrance fee of 100 guineas is the cost of admission to the R.Y.S., and the annual fee is about £30. During the regatta fortnight—it really only lasts a week—members have the privilege of introducing two men friends as honorary members, but it is understood that the member himself must be present in Coves at the time.

Lord Ruthven, who is at present engaged in a sharp contest with the law, because he objects to the conveyance of some Irish estates to trustees, is one of the few peers whose titles are uncertain. The peerages tell you that his title is only "claimed and assumed." That is because the first Lord Ruthven's patent was burnt, together with all other legal papers, in a fire at his house. Soon after, the direct line became extinct, and certain historical records seem to imply that the barony was limited to heirs male. A sister of the second Lord Ruthven succeeded however. She was allowed the "benefit of the doubt," and now the truth of the matter will probably never be known.

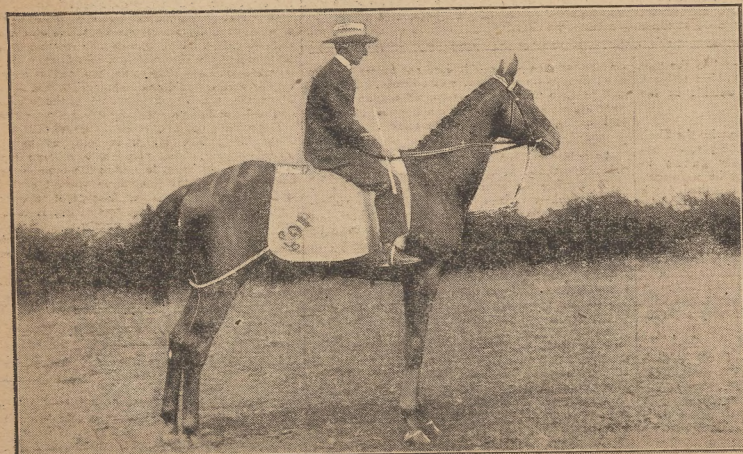
Another chapter in a very squalid story closes with the petition for divorce which Prince Philip

JAPANESE REJOICINGS IN TOKIO



A patriotic festival in Japan. The people of Tokio celebrating Admiral Togo's great naval victory in the Straits of Tsushima. The photograph, just arrived from Japan, shows the crowd in the Hybia Park watching a dancing and sword exhibition, one of the chief features in the programme of the rejoicings.—(From stereograph by J. Ricalton, copyright 1905, Underwood and Underwood.)

KING EDWARD'S FIRST TURF SUCCESS THIS SEASON.



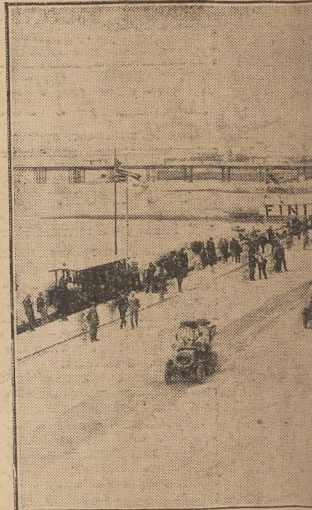
Mead, the horse which has scored for King Edward his first victory on the Turf this season. His Majesty, who was delighted with his success, watched Mead win the race—the Dullingham Stakes—from the new stand at Newmarket.

MIRROR CAM

BRIGHTON'S MOTOR-CAR CARNIVAL



Miss Claudia Lassel, the first lady to drive a racing motor-car in England, will compete



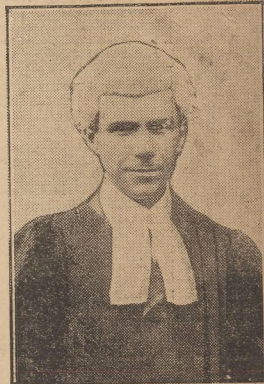
The splendid seaside track at Brighton the motor-car week which commenced yesterday, and, according to the Automobile Club,

HAYMARKET STAR.



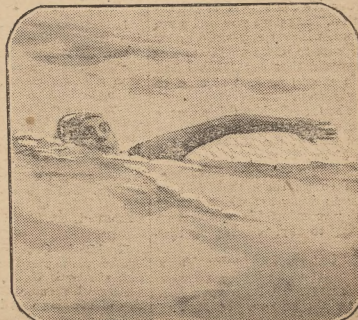
Mr. Charles Hawtrey, engaged by Mr. Frederick Harrison to appear at the Haymarket Theatre.—(Ellis and Walery.)

YESTERDAY'S COURT.



Mr. T. Gibbons, whose duty was to discover whether the claimants had not spoilt their chances by quarrelling during the year.

TO SWIM ACROSS CHANNEL: F



Miss Annette Kellerman on her first long trial swim in the Channel. Miss Kellerman will shortly attempt to swim across the Channel for the *Daily Mirror* trophy.

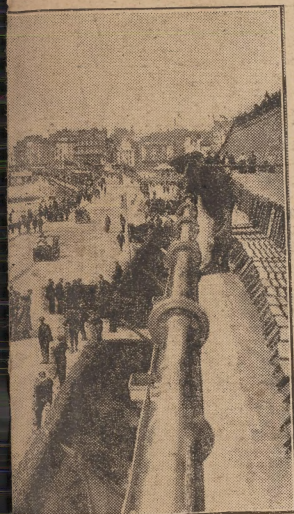


Mr. Montague Holbourn attempts to swim across the Channel for a practice swim.

JULY 20, 1905.

ERAGRAPHS

ON THE NEW SEASIDE TRACK.



ere the racing, is taking place during today. It is a mile and a half in length, the most perfect in the world.

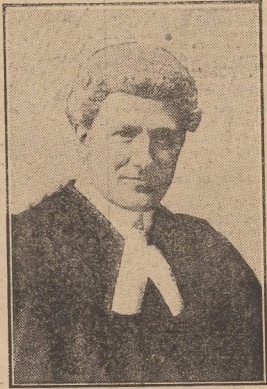


Miss Dorothy Levitt will drive a 80-h.p. Napier in the motor-car races at Brighton.

T OF LOVE FOR THE DUNMOW FLITCH.



Mr. Alfred E. Floyd, the Bishop's Stortford solicitor, who acted as judge in the trials of claimants, for the Dunmow Flitch yesterday.

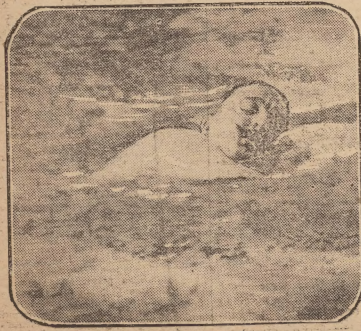


Mr. J. V. Mackenzie, counsel for claimants. He had to prove that his clients had spent a full year of unmarred married bliss.

AL CHAMPIONS AT FRATICE.



the hero of several the Channel, going from Greenwich to all.



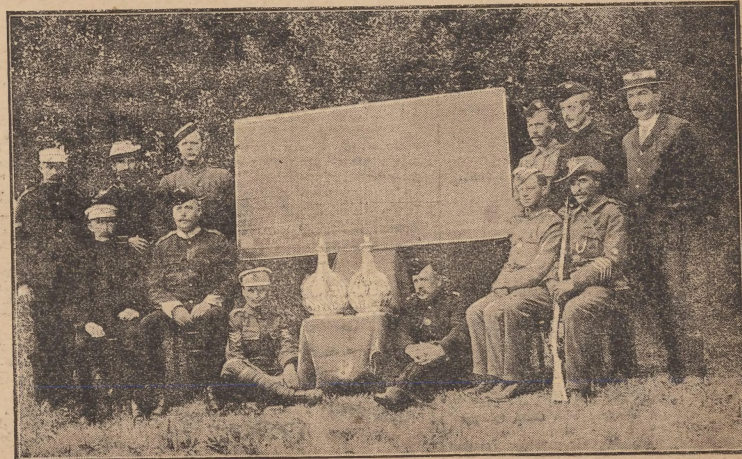
Mr. Montague Holbein in the water. The famous swimmer proposes to make yet another attempt to cross the Channel this year, and is getting into form for it.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA & HER WEDDED MAIDS



The group was photographed immediately after the wedding of Queen Alexandra's two maids-of-honour, and her Majesty has just given permission for its publication. Major-General Douglas Haig and the Hon. Mrs. Haig (Hon. Dorothy Vivian) are on the left in the photograph, and Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Bell (Hon. Mary Dyke) are on the right.—(W. and D. Downey.)

VOLUNTEER MARKSMEN'S VICTORY AT BISLEY.



The team of Volunteers which won the United Service Challenge Cup at Bisley. They compiled a score of 756 points, as against 748 made by the Army team. The Navy and Marines each made 743, Imperial Yeomanry 738, and Militia 692.

THE SUMMER GIRL.

"Daily Mirror" Readers Deeply Interested in the Seaside Flirtation

Controversy.

VARIED EXPERIENCES.

I quite agree with "Father of Four Boys" when he says that boy and girl affairs are quite harmless. When a boy has been accustomed to associate with undesirable boy friends, and suddenly becomes acquainted with a girl of good taste, it seems to him that he has risen from Hell to Heaven. She takes him away from his bad companions and tries to wean him from all his bad habits.

It would be the greatest blessing to England if there were more of such cases as this than there are.

ROBERT J. MELRICK.

"CONCEITED MAN."

In reply to the remarks expressed by the misogynist as to girls thinking all men must be in love with them, the accusation against the weaker sex is unmerited.

Either your correspondent's experience has been small, in which case he is to be pitied, or he is unable to control his conceit, which is so formidable among the stronger sex.

My opinion is that the average Englishwoman of to-day is thoroughly capable of living wholly independent of poor, generous man.

RENE NELLIE GRACE.

LIGHTLY WON, LITTLE VALUED.

Seaside flirtations may appear to be very harmless. But as they are usually indulged in by young and romantic girls who have not outlived hero-worship, there is often more harm done than people suppose.

The class of men who hunt the coast towns for the mere pleasure of flirtation are not the best men. Invulnerable in themselves, they care little how much pain and suffering they cause.

Girls should not accept the attentions of men who show too keen a desire to make their acquaintance. What is too easily won is never much appreciated. A man rarely wants what he can get just for the asking. ONCE A "SUMMER GIRL."

Colchester.

THE LINE CAREFULLY DRAWN.

The "summer girl" is absolutely different from the "home girl." She is out to make the best of her time and to enjoy her young self to the fullest extent.

Flirting and love-making may mean the same thing to the sedate person who has left youth and its follies behind, but to the "summer girl" the verbs "to flirt" and "to love" have two distinct meanings.

My experience is that the "summer girl" can flirt divinely, but she also can draw the line, finely perhaps, at real love-making. Unless she is very young she is not susceptible. She knows what a seaside flirtation is worth, and estimates it at its true value. Long may the "summer girl" remain an institution is the wish of A BACHELOR.

St. Leonards.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

LARGE FAMILIES IN LINCOLNSHIRE.

Lincolnshire, according to the *Daily Mirror*, still appears to be a very prolific county, and large families of fifteen to twenty children quite common.

The Rev. Samuel Wesley, M.A., rector of Epworth, Lincolnshire, and his wife, Susanna, were the parents of nineteen, all very clever, John Wesley, the fourteenth child, becoming the founder of Methodism. His brother Charles, the writer of 6,000 hymns, was the eighteenth child!

It was customary in those days to state the number of children a woman had given birth to on her tombstone.

"Some have children, some have none

Here lies the mother of twenty-one"

are the lines on a tombstone in a Lincolnshire churchyard.

Colwyn Bay.

PHYSICAL DEGENERATION.

As a medical man of thirty years' experience let me protest against the term physical degeneration. It is absolutely uncalled for, as regards Londoners.

Having practised for many years in the north of England I found consumption and lunacy common in all villages.

Since my return to London I have practised in the East End—Hornsey and Bromley—and can honestly say that I never saw a finer growing population. The physique of the men is remarkable for size and height and spirits. I have examined the children and nothing more can be desired. They are full of health and spirit, and well set up. Country children could not compare with them (plentiful food accounts for this).

Were it not for the infantile mortality London would be the healthiest city in the world.

Now let us take the causes.

First, I should say, it must be attributed to drunken women, and they are terribly on the in-

crease. Then charitable institutions, hospitals, and nursing institutions. These women drag their children backwards and forwards to the hospitals—shirking their medical responsibilities which they can well afford to pay.

These competing charities in the last stage of illness take them in, and so these mothers escape a coroner's inquest, and with their husbands' wages buy more drink.

These are the two factors which have to be met. Nothing else. M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. Bromley.

THE CRUELLEST SPORT.

We are condemning' bull fights in Spain severely just now, but to my mind pigeon shooting, as practised in this country, is the cruellest form of sport.

I have had occasion more than once to witness a pigeon shoot. The pigeons, half tame, are placed in a box-trap arrangement. A few paces from the trap stands a man with a double-barrelled gun. By means of pulling a cord the trap is opened, the bird flies out, and hovers about in a sort of half-dazed condition. Off goes the gun, and the bird is generally blown to pieces.

At one pigeon shoot the bird sat on the trap; on examination the wing was found to be broken. However, it was thrown high in the air, and as it fell some bulldog-looking fellow fired at it and the poor creature out of its misery. This so-called sport ought to be put down.

Longfield Hill, Kent. J. H. C. WOODRUFFE.

SALARIES WITHOUT DUTIES.

Ministers Who Are Highly Paid for Doing Nothing.

An amusing account of the duties of the Junior Lords of the Treasury, who receive salaries of £1,000 each, is given by Mr. Michael McDonagh in "Longman's Magazine."

These officials have no business whatever, "On their appointment they assemble in a room at the Treasury and take their seats at a table. A solemn official appears and says, 'Will your lordships allow your secretary to enter?'"

"They bow, and the Financial Secretary to the Treasury comes in. 'Will your lordships allow your secretary to take a seat at the table?' the official then asks. Again they bow, and the Financial Secretary sits down. They then disappear, and the department sees them no more."

"What, then, do the Junior Lords of the Treasury do for their salary of £1,000 a year each? Their duties, according to an amusing definition once given by Canning, are, always to be at St. Stephen's, to keep a House, and to cheer the Ministers. They are, in fact, the assistant Whips of the party in office."

Other offices to which there are no duties attached are those of Lord President of the Council, Lord Privy Seal, and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. The fortunate holders of these sinecures receive £2,000 a year each for doing nothing.

The best paid posts under Government are held by lawyers. The Lord Chancellor receives £10,000 a year. The Attorney-General has a salary of £7,000, and the Solicitor-General £6,000; and both receive, in addition, high fees for cases they conduct on behalf of the Crown in the Law Courts. According to a Parliamentary return the highest sum paid in salaries and fees to the Attorney-General in any year was in 1893-94, when the total reached £20,235, this being made up as follows: Salary £7,000, fees £12,635, clerks' £650.

In 1903 the salary and fees of the Attorney-General amounted to £19,921 7s. 9d., and the salary and fees of the Solicitor-General to £13,603 19s. 3d. In 1904 the emoluments were: Attorney-General, £12,993; Solicitor-General, £9,748.

TO-DAY'S BOOKS.

TOWNS AND TYPES, by Mark Allerton. Houlston and Sons. Is. net. The writer warns at his criticism is "caustic," he has evidently tried hard to make it so. His sketches of London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, and Dundee are quite readable. Often he hits off a characteristic neatly. A little book which will well baffle an hour in the train.

THAT BRILLIANT PEGGY, by L. T. Meade, and DOCTOR XAVIER, by Max Pemberton. Both belong to a stupendous list of reprints. The type is very good indeed, and the paper is not unusually coarse. Something upward seems to have happened, however, to the illustrations by Mr. Griffiths in Mr. Pemberton's story. There is a needless ferocity in the eyes of all the figures there depicted. Hollier and Stoughton.

LOVERS OF THE RIVER

WILL FIND AN INTERESTING ARTICLE on Page 15 TO-DAY.

ONE FALSE STEP.

By HENRY FARMER.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

FRANK CHESTER.—A young man who comes to London after a University career. He is to be given a start in commercial life by the great Vincent Devenish—the chance of a lifetime.

TOM MAYFIELD.—An old schoolfellow of Frank Chester's, heavily in debt.

QUEENIE MAYFIELD.—Tom's sister. An orphan. She has started in business as a florist and table decorator, in which she is succeeding.

MR. DEXTER.—The obsequious, oily cashier in the office of Vincent Devenish.

EVIE DAINTREE.—The young widowed daughter of Vincent Devenish, and heir to his wealth.

HESPER MORDAUNT.—Stockbroker, by whom Tom Mayfield is employed. Close friends with Dexter.

VINCENT DEVENISH.—Of the Blue Star Line. A commercial and financial magnate.

Frank Chester came to London to have an interview with the great Vincent Devenish, of the Blue Star Line, who had offered him a start in life.

During the interview Devenish is called away for a moment, and Chester catches sight of the bank-notes for £20,000 which Mr. Dexter, the great man's cashier, had laid upon the table, done up in parcels of £2,000 each.

Fascinated by the sight of so much money, Chester makes his one false step. He takes up one of the parcels of notes to experience the sensation of handling so much money, and before he can replace them Evie Daintree, Devenish's daughter, who is already known to him, enters.

Chester, in his confusion, thrusts the notes into his pocket, and during the whole interview with Mrs. Daintree has no opportunity of returning them.

He is therefore reduced to consulting the notes, when he leaves Devenish's office, to his friend, Tom Mayfield, who suggests a means of returning them.

Mayfield disappears altogether, however, and Chester, who waits in vain for him, is only kept from suicide by Queenie Mayfield, Tom's sister, who persuades him to wait for Tom's return until the morning.

In the morning Dexter, the cashier, appears. He explains that he saw the accidental theft, and offers to lend Chester £2,000 in exchange for an I.O.U. He declares that this will be an excellent investment, since Chester is certain to become his employer, and to marry the daughter of Devenish.

Chester falls into the trap, and thus slings a mill-stone round his neck.

Meanwhile Queenie Mayfield warns him mysteriously against falling into Dexter's power, and her warning is echoed by Evie Daintree, who confesses her hatred for Dexter when she meets Chester at Devenish's office in the morning.

It soon becomes evident that both Evie Daintree and Queenie Mayfield are falling in love with Chester.

Meanwhile, Tom Mayfield is found working in some workmen in a heap of rubbish near some demolished buildings in the Strand, and is taken by one of them, Dexter, to his room in a model lodging-house.

Chester, who continues the search for him, is asked by Mr. Devenish one morning to fetch a bottle of medicine from the library. As he enters the room he notices a suspicious movement on the part of Dexter, whom he finds standing by the mantelpiece where the bottle is. Dexter asks him for £20 of the money advanced to him, and then goes to call upon Mordaunt at the latter's hotel.

CHAPTER XVIII. (Continued).

Queenie was trapped.

The sight of Hesper Mordaunt for a moment unnerved her completely. She stood quite still, her breath coming and going in little gasps of fear.

The piteous look in her dilated eyes was that of a hunted fawn suddenly brought to bay. She was horribly conscious of her isolation, of her physical weakness.

The man's blood was fired with strong drink. He stood between her and escape. The windows were shuttered. Twice she had rung the bell without obtaining response of any kind to her summons.

But the devil himself, though he seldom gets it, is entitled to his due. Brutality is frequently the consequence of a want of imagination. When nature made Hesper Mordaunt, she endowed him with the skin of a rhinoceros. He was incapable of realising the girl's mental torture. She was as a pearl to a swine.

Because circumstance had compelled Colonel Mayfield's daughter to earn her living behind the counter of a flower-shop in Piccadilly, he had subjected her to the same coarse familiarities that had won him popularity with certain yellow-haired barmaids. He had misread her completely—misread her contempt and the rebuffs she had given him in the past. Her "stand-offishness"—as he termed it—was, in his eyes, an assumption.

In the first instance, she had appealed to his coarse, animal senses, awaking in him no higher feelings than a coarse craving. Looking into the window of The Fernery one day he had seen a pretty toy, and he had wanted it for himself, until such time as he should have wearied of it. He had been blind to the beautiful nature, the pure, clean soul, the womanly heart. He had merely wanted a fresh toy for his doll's-house in St. John's Wood.

Yet now, though he was only vaguely conscious of the fact, his desire was tinged with something that was perhaps admiration—a feeling that there was something about this girl that he had not encountered in the other women with whom he associated. It is conceivable that even a pig's sometimes looks up, and is duly conscious of God's pure heaven above him. So, perhaps, Hesper Mordaunt, the becoming conscious, in a dull way, of the priceless jewel locked in the treasury of Queenie's pure heart.

His original intentions in snaring the girl had not been utterly vile. He told himself that his attitude towards her would depend on herself; but he had let her see, one day, that, once they came together, the "stand-offishness" would be quick to disappear. Nor had he contemplated the indescribable tortures that the situation, planned by him, must inflict on the girl.

But he was the worse for drink. And drink literally plays havoc with most men.

(Continued on page 11.)

KEEP COOL

In the Hottest Sun

by adding, to each glass of water you drink, two table-spoonful of

ROSE'S LIME JUICE

It makes a most delicious, wholesome and refreshing temperance beverage. It offsets the depressing effects incident to hot weather, by purifying the blood and fortifying the system.

ROSE'S Lime Juice is the product of the finest West Indian Lime Fruit, and is the

PUREST and the BEST.



BEWARE!

Of the High Extravagant Prices of your tailor which you worry and work to pay. We ask you to get into touch with us before purchasing your next suit.

OUR 21/- SUIT

GUARANTEED TO MEASURE

and valued by our customers at 13 3s.

Has a World-wide reputation.

Trousers, to Measure, at 6/- Superline

Quality Suits, to Measure, at 27/-

On receipt of a postcard, we will send you, absolutely free of charge, full range

of Summer, 1906, Patterns, tape measure,

fashion plate, and instructions how to

measure yourself, which need not be

returned. Satisfaction Guaranteed or

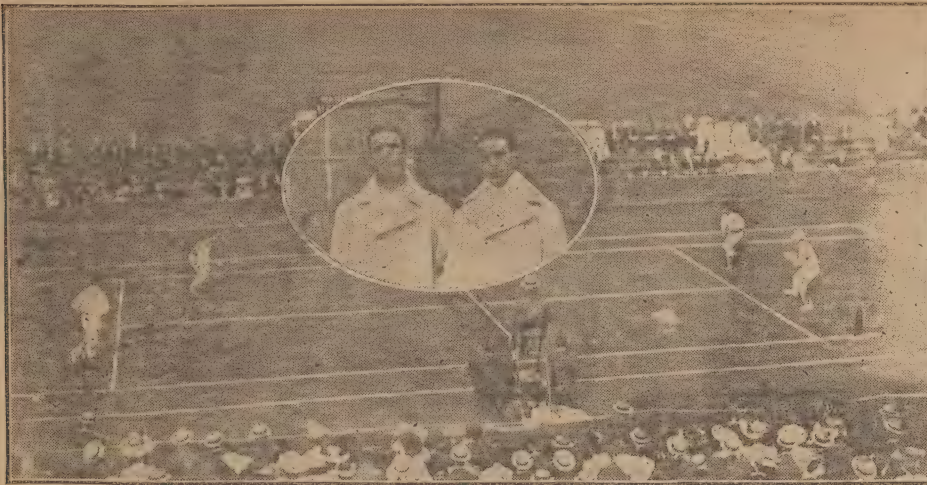
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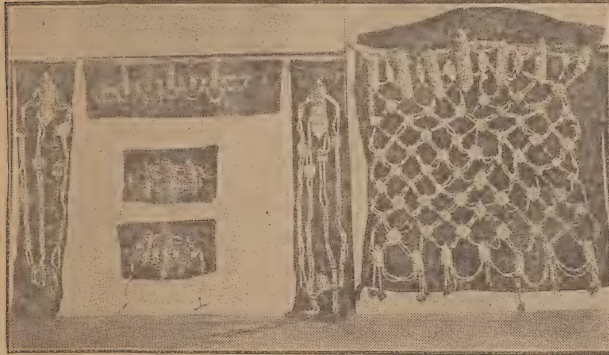
Estd. 1890.

AMERICA BEATS AUSTRALIA AT LAWN TENNIS.



After a fine series of games the American pair defeated the Australians in the Lawn Tennis International Cup matches at Queen's Club. Our photograph shows the scene during the play, and inset are portraits of the victors—H. Ward (on the right) and his partner, B. Wright.

GRIM SPOILS FROM LHASA SOLD YESTERDAY FOR £100.



Unique costume brought from Lhasa by a member of the British expedition. It consists of an apron, two armlets, two side-pieces, and crown, entirely made of human bones, wonderfully carved with images of Buddha.

CHAMPION TYPIST.



Mr. Thomas M. Linsdall, of Lilleshall-road, Clapham, has typewritten a portrait of the King, which his Majesty has accepted. It contains over 100,000 impressions from the stamps of the machine.

ONE FALSE STEP.

(Continued from page 10.)

Queenie's white lips were moving. "Mr. Mordaunt," she whispered, her words scarcely audible. "Please let me leave this house at once."

She did not move. A step towards the door would bring her closer to him. She watched him with her great, frightened eyes. But her intensity and her terror were lost on him. He simply did not realise.

"What?" he laughed, but with a sub-note of passion in his voice. "After all my little plans for a tête-à-tête with you, Queenie? No! Do you think I'm going to eat you? Nonsense!"

His voice went rough. He took a step towards her. She shrank back, facing him, and reaching out with one hand behind her gropingly. She gripped the edge of the table. Its hard touch seemed to steady her, giving her moral as well as physical support.

Her white lips were moving again. "Mr. Mordaunt, I ask you, as—as a man, as a gentleman, please let me leave this house at once."

He took another step towards her. He was intense, terrifyingly intense now. Wine as well as passion fired his blood. He was a different being to the loose-tongued man who had made himself objectionable in the Fernery with his ill-bred jests and familiarities. The man's strength was being revealed now, and made him all the more terrifying. The strength of the man's will was visible on the coarse, bulldog face; yet he was pleading to her as well as commanding her to stay.

"You shall stay!" he commanded. "Yet an instant later, he was pleading rather than commanding."

"You will stay?" he added. "It was as if he would rather win her consent. Yet he did not seem to understand that he was offering her the deepest insult that a man can offer a woman. He had never so much as breathed the word 'marriage.' Perhaps he was keeping back

an offer of marriage as a last resource—should all else fail.

"Come!" he continued. "If it's good enough to go on the river with young Chester, it's good enough to have supper with me!"

The words brought the crimson to the girl's grey face. For him to have dared to couple himself with the name of an honourable man!

"How dare you?" The girl's courage seemed to have come back to her. She stamped a little foot fiercely to the ground. At first, horrified by the situation, conscious of her physical weakness, she had appealed to him as a man to let her go. Now she demanded this right.

"Stand out of my way. You're a coward—a mean, vile coward. Stand out of my way."

The words went home, stabbing through the man's pachydermatous hide. He winced palpably, his fingers were also spurs. Her defiance fired the desire to conquer to a greater flame.

"Yes," he answered hoarsely. "You shall go, but you'll have to pay toll. I'm not going to let you go like this. You'll have to pay toll—with a kiss. There's nothing so very terrible in that. I want it—I'm hungry for it. Come, you're going to give it to me, before you go, Queenie. You must—you shall. I'll steal it if you won't. I will, by God."

It was too much. With a strident scream she sought to avoid him. Her nerve was leaving her. If she could but reach one of the windows, break it, scream for help—

"All right, you shall—" He did not finish the sentence. He sprang forward as her foot caught in a rug, and she fell. But he was too late to save her.

As she fell her head struck the wine-cooler. She lay quite still on the floor, a tiny stream of blood trickling from her forehead.

Gathering her up in his arms, he laid her on a couch. He could have stolen the kiss, taken his toll now, with impunity. She was completely at his mercy. But the white, still face froze all the passion in the man, and filled him with a burning sense of remorse.

"I'm sorry," he muttered rapidly as he pressed his handkerchief to the wound. "I'm sorry—I didn't mean to frighten you, poor little Daisy Dimple. What an accursed brute I am."

Her eyes were closed. She was still unconscious. It was the blow rather than the wound that was serious. When his efforts to restore consciousness produced no effect and she continued to lie quite still the man's coarse face grew unhealthily white. He looked about him desperately and caught sight of a champagne bottle on the floor. To knock the head off with a knife was the work of a moment. He forced the sparkling wine down her throat, and eagerly watched her face for signs of returning consciousness.

They came at last—a faint flicker of the eyelids, a faint blushing of the white, delicate skin.

It stabbed him badly when, with a little moan, she seemed to realise partially where she was, and staggered to her feet as if to defend herself, but so weak and dazed that she all but dropped back on the couch.

"Don't come near me!" she shivered. "He stopped dead; his head drooped forward."

"I'm sorry," he said thickly. "Pon my soul, I'm sorry! I didn't think—I wouldn't hurt a hair of your head—I didn't think—"

"You didn't think?"

The girl staid herself against the couch. "He didn't think! You tricked me here—you dared to speak as you did to me—"

Her hands were opening and shutting. "And you—you call yourself a man!"

His great body shivered as from the lash of a whip.

"Don't rub it in too hard," he stammered. "I wouldn't hurt you, really. I made a mistake—I own up—I didn't think you'd take it in the spirit you did. If I can make up for what I've done, in any way, I will—pon my soul!"

He was penitent and clumsily remorseful now; but for how long was another matter.

"I tell you I could curse myself for that wound on your head! I could—I could curse myself!"

(Continued on page 13.)

FACTS FOR MOTHERS.

Hints for Nurses, and Advice to Those

Who Have the Care of Convalescents, Invalids, the Delicate, the Aged, and Those of Weak Digestion.

The question that is frequently asked is, "Why should 'Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids' be used in preference to any other?" Strong and glowing claims are made for various foods, and the reader who has not made a special study of what a food ought to be, and what it ought to contain, is naturally puzzled, and does not know what to believe. Take, for instance, the question of foods containing "dried milk," which at first blush the reader is tempted to think must be right, but the objections to which are explained in the next paragraph. Other strong claims are made for "pre-digested foods," and here again the reader is inclined at first to think these must be right. It is fancied that it must be desirable to save the digestive organs trouble; but the reason why this is wrong is clearly shown a little farther on in this article.

CONCERNING DRIED MILK FOODS.

Please notice the fact that "Savory and Moore's Best Food" is *not* made with "Milk powder." "Dried milks" lack that peculiar element of fresh milk which prevents rickets or scurvy. The process of drying destroys that element. It therefore follows that a food made with "Dried milk" must be unsuitable for infants. Babies fed upon "Savory and Moore's Best Food" do not suffer from rickets or scurvy.

Please notice also that "Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids" is not a "pre-digested food." The reason why such foods are inadvisable is very clear. As a child nursed by its mother has to exercise its digestive powers from the first, surely it cannot be right, in deciding on an artificial food, to give one which keeps these powers inactive.

MAKE A WISE CHOICE.

It is worth your while to spend a few minutes to think over the food you shall give baby, or, if baby is failing to thrive, in deciding what food you shall give in preference.

It will only take a few minutes of your time, but it may make a difference to your baby that will affect not only its health and strength, but indirectly its whole future, its power of work and success, and its prosperity in after life. That is why we ask you so earnestly to compare the merits of the various foods offered, and to weigh one against the other in your mind. If you do this there is only one conclusion you can come to—viz., that "Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids" is the one you should adopt.



FOR NURSING-MOTHERS AND INVALIDS.

All mothers who are so fortunate as to be able to nurse their children should also remember that a girl made with "Savory and Moore's Best Food" is infinitely more nutritious and easily digested than gruel made with ordinary oatmeal and not so fattening. The abundance of the flow of milk as well as its quality are both greatly improved by its use. Stout is persistently recommended for this purpose; but stout is only a stimulant, it is not a food which makes milk, as "Savory and Moore's Best Food" undoubtedly does. A lady at Hull writes: "I used 'Savory and Moore's Best Food' while I was nursing, and found it a real deal better than gruel, not so heating, but quite as nourishing."

"Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids" is of the greatest value for convalescents, the aged, and all whose digestion is weak. It satisfies all requirements, and has the further advantage that it is easily prepared in a large number of pleasant and appetising ways, and its nutritive value is in no way impaired, or its digestibility decreased thereby.

"SAVORY AND MOORE'S BEST FOOD FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS" is supplied by all Chemists and Stores in tins at 1s., 2s., 5s., and 10s., or a large trial tin will be sent for 6d., together with instructions how to prepare it for invalids. A booklet will also be sent which is a "Guide to Infant Feeding," and contains various tables, showing the correct height at various ages, weight, muscular development, the age at which the various teeth should be cut, how infants should be fed, and a large amount of other useful information.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO TRY IT?

Our booklet will be sent on receipt of postcard, or, what is much better, it will be forwarded with a large trial tin for six penny stamps if you mention the *Daily Mirror*, and address your letter to Messrs. Savory and Moore, Ltd., Chemists to the King and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, 143, New Bond-street, London, W.

WOMEN AS SHOPPERS.

WHY WHITE ELEPHANTS NO LONGER EXIST.

Really the summer sales are very fascinating, and now that July is more than half over there are better bargains being offered and further reductions being made than ever. There is no fear that in her eagerness to secure cheap things the woman who shops to-day will buy that which will only be a white elephant to her afterwards. The intoxication of the bargain sales when they were a novelty did tend to this disastrous result, but now the majority of women are discreet shoppers, and buy warily and wisely.

Materials To Be Avoided.

No longer is the absurdity noticed of a large woman eagerly purchasing a small redingote of which she cannot possibly make any personal use. She knows quite well that if her figure is perfectly proportioned she may if she likes wear the closely-fitting coats that are now fashionable, if they are of her size, but otherwise she simply passes them by.

Let not the fascinations of the beautiful face figured organies, mouselines, and nets, which are so very cool, fresh, and attractive-looking, tempt the large woman into an investment.

Contrasts of colour that are striking, odd combinations of colour—indeed, anything that is very conspicuous or pronounced, is eschewed by the stout woman of taste.

Though for several seasons the fashions have seemed to favour the tall and slender purchaser there are really as many sartorial items to be avoided by her as by her plump sister. She can wear the long redingote unless her figure is very emaciated, when the little loose coat would answer her purpose far better. The horizontal trimmings still in vogue are becoming to her, but she should not be tempted by narrow stripes on a coat, for these will make her spare outline appear still more spare.

No Red Near a Florid Face.

Concerning the choice of colours the complexion is the first item to be considered. A woman who is either short or tall, and who has a florid complexion, should choose cool or neutral shades, and never by any chance should any shade of red be worn near the face. Soft greys, blues, and also certain shades of green should be her favourites.

The sallow-faced girl should avoid greys, greens, browns, and yellows; also the purple shades, though heliotrope of a medium character can be worn with both a rosy and a sallow complexion.

INFORMATION ON GLOVES.

The prettiest gloves now sold are finished with little frills of lace; they are wrist gloves with the lace frill coming out above them. Then over the frills come the bracelets, without which no wrist glove is complete. Another smart glove is finished with a band of velvet with a frill set upon the upper edge of the velvet. Still another pair of short gloves is made with a wide embroidered silk band

round the wrist, and there are a great variety of other neat finishings.

The long glove, which is a great feature this year with elbow sleeves, and is made of kid, both glazed and suede, and of silk and suede cotton, is not so costly this season as last; owing perhaps to the great demand the elbow sleeve has created for it. These gloves can be worn with or without

bracelets, but the bracelet, if worn, should be wide and should be fastened on over the glove.

One of the newest bracelets has a wide band of gold into which is set a big amethyst. Another bracelet has a monogram set in the middle in an open design with just a twist of gold. The letters are in gold filigree and the band is heavy.

Tulle bracelets are pretty, and so are velvet ones.



A new and very becoming coiffure ornament is made of tulle rising from a coronal of roses, and a tulle throatlet matches it, with roses set at one side.

ONE FALSE STEP.

(Continued from page 11.)

He spoke with a coarse, yet intense sincerity. "No, don't start away from me. I'm only going to ask you to take my arm. Mrs. Garvice shall bathe your forehead. Then I'll see you into a cab. I darsay you won't want the truth of how it came about to be known. It will be enough that you met with an accident. I tell you, I could curse myself for that wound."

"I don't want any help from you—or from that woman!" shivered Queenie.

It was the hurt to her head, not the hurt to her self-respect, her spirit, her womanly pride, her sense of purity, that seemed responsible for his attitude of remorse.

"Aren't you going to forget and forgive?" he cried almost fiercely. "What do you want me to do? Go down on my knees to you? I'll do that if you'll let bygones be bygones. It's a thing I've never done yet to a woman. I want you to give me another chance."

There was sullenness in his voice. He was accustomed to dominate, not appeal to women; for the man's personality, his coarse and narrow, was also strong. And here he was trying to extract forgiveness from little "Daisy Dimple," the girl whom, in his coarse conceit, he had believed himself capable of twisting round his little finger, provided time and opportunity were granted him.

It was a case of Beauty and the Beast, though the Beast in the story changed instantly into a charming and polished prince, and in this case Beauty, or perhaps Purity, was awakening some feeling of a former manhood in a Beast that was still a Beast.

"I tell you I'm sorry, and give me a chance,

and I'll prove it. Anything! Give it a name! Money—"

"Money!"

Queenie echoed the word. Her brain was in a whirl, and her head throbbed with shooting, physical pain. Yet her sense of terror had gone. She was no longer afraid of Hesper Mordaunt.

Money. She wanted two thousand pounds. Wanted the sum desperately. Yet it seemed to her that to take advantage of this man's offer would be like levying a species of blackmail, and her sensitive spirit shuddered at the idea. But her need was desperate.

Mordaunt was staring at her. It seemed to him that she was considering his proposition. A reaction took place in his mind. Perhaps she had a price after all.

But she recoiled as a sudden spasm dizzied her brain. Again he would have sprung to her side. "No—don't touch me," she whispered. "Go and get me a cab."

"Say you forgive me first."

"No—not till you've proved yourself worthy."

Mordaunt hesitated, then suddenly quitted the room. His expression changed and became sly. He believed in Queenie's virtue now, and it had inspired him with a dull sense of respect and a feeling of shame for what had happened; but he wanted her more fiercely than ever.

Queenie was standing herself in front of a mirror. She seemed to have passed through a bad dream. The blood had dried on her forehead, and the hat which she was fixing with one hand cast a shadow over the wound.

She stared dully at her dishevelled reflection, wondering at, and feeling afraid of herself.

All that was sacred, and pure and womanly in her refined nature had been outraged; yet she was contemplating turning this outrage to advantage.

"She shivered. That there should have been room for such a thought in her mind caused her a feeling of self-fear. Was her self-respect dulled?

But it was great love, not loss of self-respect, that made such a thought possible at such a time—the love that over-rides all else, because unselfish.

CHAPTER XIX.

Chester's disappointment and concern were plainly visible on his face when, on the morning following Queenie's visit to the house in St. John's Wood, he entered The Fernery to find Miss Peyton in sole command.

"Queenie isn't worse, is she?" he asked quickly. "I should have looked in last night, but I was kept late."

"Queenie met with an accident last night. She's quite ill, this morning, and in bed."

"An accident?"

Chester's voice was rough with suspense.

"Yes. She went to fulfil an engagement in St. John's Wood. Her foot caught in a wreathed rug, and she was thrown against a wine-cooler. She cut her head, and was unconscious for some time. I sat up with her all night, and there were moments when she was light-headed."

Pollie Peyton nipped her lips tightly together. When she was wrestling with her feelings, her expression was inclined to become fierce and her manner of speech jerky and abrupt.

"I'm most awfully sorry," said Chester unsteadily. "Could I—would it be possible for me to see her? You understand, Miss Peyton, that we are very old friends."

"The doctor," replied Pollie more jerkily than ever, "has ordered her complete rest for to-day, at least."

"Then that means," said Chester, obviously grieved, "that she must see no one to-day?"

"No one likely to worry or excite her," almost snapped Pollie, and the next moment her eyes filled with a stony glare.

She had caught a glimpse of Mrs. Daintree in the carriage drawing up outside the shop.

(To be continued.)

A novel cheese dish is being sent free by Messrs. Apin and Barrett, of Yeovil, the makers of St. Ivel Cheese, to those sending twenty-four coupons, one of which is to be found in each packet of St. Ivel Cheese and St. Ivel Veal and Ham Pies. This cheese dish, which is highly artistic, and made of unglazed china, is a most useful article for the table, having a place not only for the cheese, but also for biscuits and butter. Only a limited quantity are available. As an evidence of the high opinion in which St. Ivel Cheese is held it is now being supplied to the House of Lords. Either the cheese or the veal and ham pies can be obtained from all high-class grocers.

The Charm of a Fair Face
 is more potent than anything on earth.
 Beauty is but another name for health.

POMEROY SKIN FOOD

Clears and softens the skin and produces a natural lovely complexion.
 Of all Cleansers and Sores,
 1/6, 2/6, 3/6, or 10/6 free from—
 MRS. POMEROY, LTD.,
 29, Old Bond Street, London, W.

FAGGED.

SUMMER AILMENTS

Does this express your feeling? Are you fagged when you get up, fagged all day—tired, listless, confused in ideas, "livery"? Have you lost your "vim" and "go"?

"That tired feeling"—as summer fag is often called—means sluggish liver and impaired digestion; and a course of Page Woodcock's Pills means an end to both these ailments. Try this medicine, which has 50 years' increasing British reputation.

Mr. Thos. Maxwell, of 71, St. Andrew's Street, Lincoln, says:—"I was weak and ailing—dull, heavy, without appetite, and altogether out of sorts. Constipation, digestive disorders and liver trouble were the real causes. I had to leave work and place myself in the hands of a doctor. He did not benefit me however, and I continued in the same state until Page Woodcock's Pills were introduced to me. They soon did me good, and in a short time restored me to perfect health."

6/6 each bottle or 11/6 6/6 per box. 4/6 each substitute.

Page Woodcock's Pills

Icilma.

WHY NOT KEEP COOL?

ICILMA NATURAL WATER sprayed or dabbed on the skin will at once remove sunburn, or redness, and give a lasting, cool, velvety softness that nothing else can do. Invaluable for irritations and insect bites. Price 1/6.

Beauty.

ICILMA FLUOR CREAM is the safe cream for those that dread down or superfluous hair. Cleanses, cools, and makes the skin white, transparent, healthy and soft as velvet. Price 1/6. Send 2d. stamps for two samples (different scents).

ICILMA CO., Ltd. (Dept. D), 142, Gray's Inn Road, LONDON

EFFEL TOWER

You can neither make nor buy another beverage that tastes so good or quenches thirst so well. No other drink so healthful, so convenient, so inexpensive.

LEMONADE

2 GALLONS FOR 4/2

ALSO USE EFFEL TOWER JELLIES

KRUSCHEN SALTS, the product of the famous Kruschen Mineral Springs, are used to treat Rheumatism, Gout, all Liver and Kidney diseases. Half a teaspoonful daily. Send P.O. 1s. 6d. to E. G. Hughes, Pharmaceutical Chemist, 37, Deane, Manchester. (ADVT.)



THATCHED HOUSE AT ABBOTSBROOK.

A THAMES-SIDE PARADISE.

Picturesque Abbottsbrook: Its Quaint Waterways and Dainty Homesteads.

On the banks of the Thames at Bourne End the village of Abbottsbrook, ripe now from many years of artistic labour devoted to it by the founder, possesses a rare, quaint beauty that has no like in Great Britain or, indeed, in the world.

The Bourne End regatta last Saturday afforded an excellent opportunity of visiting Abbottsbrook.

An extraordinary surprise awaits the visitor whose first introduction to Abbottsbrook is by the lovely waterway from which it takes its name.

An Abbottsbrook friend punts you, say, from Maidenhead, Cookham, or Marlow. Close to the Sailing Club at Bourne End you leave the main stream by a tributary spanned by a charming wooden bridge, which bears the notice "Abbottsbrook. Private."

The punt glides beneath the bridge, and in an instant you are in an entirely novel and enchanting atmosphere.

On both banks of the Abbotts Brook—an ancient and historical stream—graceful willows wave their delicate foliage over the water, and tall rushes whisper their endless message of repose. In the stream's translucent depths many fish are seen.

During its intricate course of two miles the stream takes you through delightful scenery, every minute having a pleasant surprise.

From many of the trees hammocks are suspended, and Chinese lanterns and fairy lamps adorn the gardens of the quaint old-world residences, lovely glimpses of which are "through willow vistas seen."

A TRIUMPH OF ART.

Abbottsbrook is without the crude, red tiles and glaring architectural contrasts which so frequently

rob sky and trees of half their charm. The houses, with their thatched roofs and half-timbered gables, give the neighbourhood a character all its own. And their interiors are in complete harmony.

Leaded glass casements, lounge square halls, wooden beams, quaint fireplaces with corner seats, are a few of their more novel beauties, while electric light, gas, and water supply, and kitchen conveniences are of the latest and most approved workmanship.

From every window a delightful prospect is seen. Abbottsbrook is in the centre of a rural district, making it quite distinct from the ordinary semi-urban riverside resort.

Cliveden woods, Taplow, and Quarry woods on the high ground near Marlow make lovely backgrounds.

Each Abbottsbrook house is completely isolated from its neighbours by lawns, gardens, and grand old timber trees. Most of them abut also on the brook, where there are boathouses and bathing tents.

For the residences which are not actually on the stream's bank, be it noted, there are other boat-houses; and, of course, the stream throughout the village is free to all residents.

FOR WORK AS WELL AS REST.

The first glimpse of Abbottsbrook banishes care and labour from the mind. It is therefore worth recording that more than one harassed worker has found that only in Abbottsbrook can his mind get that absolute detachment from distracting surroundings that is indispensable to great application and big purpose.

Abbottsbrook rests on a gravel soil, which, added to the artificial drainage designed by the best engineering talent, makes it absolutely free from dampness. Even in winter most of the residents remain, finding the social life agreeable and the situation extremely healthy.

The water supply—that prime consideration of the delicate, as it should be also of the robust—is of the

softest quality, forming a remarkable contrast to London water.

The village is close to Bourne End Station, on the Great Western Railway, a journey of about fifty minutes from London. Indeed, it is the privilege of residents whose affairs take them to town that they can, within an hour of leaving Paddington, be in full enjoyment of the delights of boating on the Abbotts Brook.

A VILLAGE VENICE.

The stream is private. Abbottsbrookians can enter the Thames from it and return, but the general public are excluded. At six points it is spanned by quaint rustic bridges and ferds. Over all the bridges the "tumbling roses shed their scent," and other blossoms are spread around in riotous profusion.

At one place a different level is attained by means of a pretty lock, and at another point boats are taken up and down over rollers.

Punts, skiffs, canoes, and gondolas are the principal craft met on the stream. But in the Thames, close by, many of the residents keep electric launches and sailing-boats.

The beautiful old parish church of Little Marlow is within a short walking distance, and was recently restored at a cost of over £900.

ITS SOCIAL LIFE.

Entertainments in "the village hall" are a feature of the social life. Here the Earl and Countess of Yarmouth, who reside in Abbottsbrook, have often given some delightful entertainments for charitable objects. Miss Decima Moore, Mr. H. B. Stanford (by permission of Sir Henry Irving), and other well-known artists have appeared on the little stage. Primrose League entertainments, smoking concerts, dinners in connection with the various sporting events of the neighbourhood, and other functions are constantly taking place in this charming hall.

Many well-known society people have summer cottages at Abbottsbrook and use them during the London season for week-end entertaining and for holiday quarters in August and September, and, in many instances, for all the year round residence.

Abbottsbrook is an excellent centre both for Ascot and Henley, and, of course, for river excursions to all the most lovely parts of the Thames. The annual regatta and river fête at Bourne End is quite an important river carnival. Earl Carrington is the president, and the list of local vice-presidents includes such well-known names as Lord Boston,



YE OLDE TITHE BARN COTTAGES.

Lord Burnham, Sir William Clayton, Sir Charles Cuyler, Mr. Coningsby Disraeli, Earl Howe, Colonel Ricardo, and the Hon. W. F. D. Smith, M.P. The committee are fortunate in having one of the biggest subscription lists on the river, collecting over £200 each year, and it is said by a local contemporary that "Bourne End must be a wealthy corner of Bucks and the envy of all other Thames villages and towns."

The Ferry Hotel provides accommodation and cuisine of a quality that is not surpassed anywhere up the river. This is one of the few inns on the river where one can breakfast, lunch, tea, and dine à la carte. It has two charmingly furnished, detached bungalows for the use of visitors, in addition to the main building.

Close to Abbottsbrook a splendid golf course of eighteen holes constitutes an important attraction, and the Abbottsbrook private garage is a recent addition well appreciated by motorist residents.

LOVED BY THE MONKS OF OLD.

The historical associations of the locality are exceedingly interesting, and even now there are some of the remains in existence of the "Old Priory," which dates back to A.D. 1217. This was known as "Prioratus de fontibus de Merlawa," and was in connection with Bisham Abbey. The Priory was suppressed in 1536.

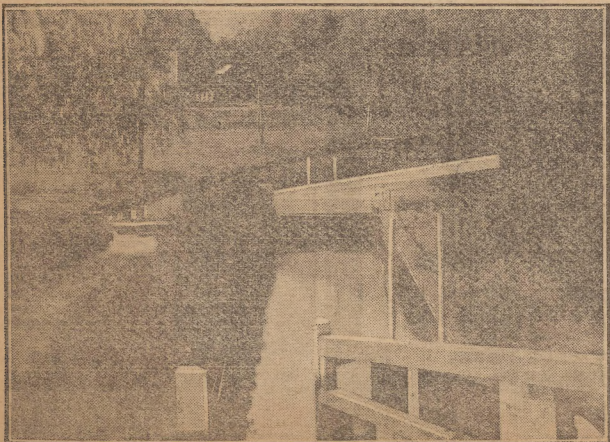
During recent excavations many pieces of metal, stone, and pottery came to light, and a portion of a matted effigy in Purbeck marble was found in the chapel attached to the Priory; and in one of the foundations of the walls was a stone coffin containing parts of a skeleton. Many domestic objects were turned up, but the most interesting find was a large number of flooring tiles of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

If the old monks could revisit the scene of their peaceful meditations, it is certain that even their old-world simplicity and affection would receive no shock at the transformation that has taken place.

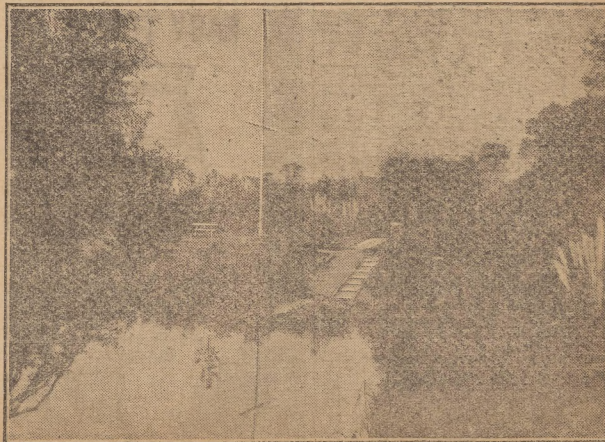
They would stand amazed at the beauty of the houses, so like, yet so much better, than those they knew.

They would turn to the stream on which they were wont to rely for Friday's fare, and they would find it as well stocked with trout and dace as it was in the days of old.

Abbottsbrook is one of the loveliest of England's beauty spots. In describing its many unique charms language must be used which appears like the language of exaggeration. But a visit to the place itself quickly shows how impossible it is to do it justice.



LOCK ON THE ABBOTS BROOK.



A VIEW ON THE ABBOTS BROOK.

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A Suit or Overcoat on credit from 35s.; deposit 5s., balance 2s. 6d. weekly; latest fashions; 25, Fenchurch-st. and 58, Chesham (corner Bow-lane). All transactions confidential.

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BARGAIN—10s. 6d., 3 chemises, 3 knickers, 2 petticoats, 2 nightdresses 10s. 6d.—Eva, 89, Union-rd., Clapham.

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EXCEEDINGLY Handsome 2-guinea Coque Feather and Marabout long bushy Bows; French grey and white, 7s. 6d.; approval.—Madam, 43s, Clapham.

FORTY Shilling Suit for 10s. 6d.—"Great Tailoring Office."—Dear Sir,—To enable you to understand that England is not behindhand in commerce and enterprise, we have decided to advertise this wonderful Gentleman's Tweed Suit at 10s. 6d., carriage free. Write now for our free patterns and measure yourself; this offer may not last much longer. Get all your friends also to avail themselves of our real British goods. Write to our Managers write us. Foremen write us. We are here to attend your wants, and our prices are as low as the world. You write us and we will do it. If you have no stamp at home post it without; we like to hear from you.—Yours faithfully for 25 years, the Globe Clothing Trust (Dept. D, 18 and 20, Oxford-st., next door Oxford Music Hall, London, W.)

KNITTED Corsets support without pressure; knitted Underclothing, knitted caps, from 5s.; belts, kneecaps, surgical hosiery; write for list.—Knitted Corset Company, Nottingham, Nottingham.

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